

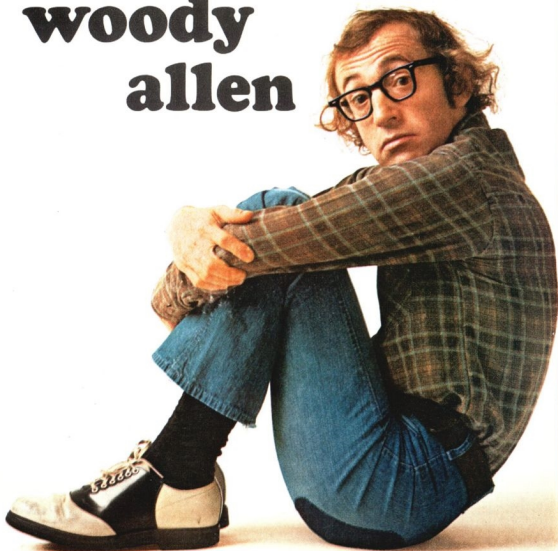
FIFTY CENTS

JULY 3, 1972

TIME

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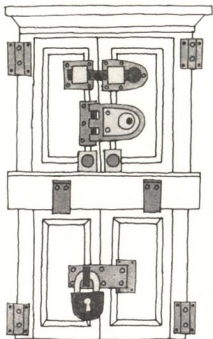
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T-15



KANFER, BENDER & CLARKE AT LINCOLN CENTER

A LETTER FROM THE PUBLISHER

THE lively arts yield multiple blessings: fun to watch, fun to read about—and to write about. This week's issue offers an unusually full stage. Our cover subject is Woody Allen, the one-man comedy conglomerate. The Theater section takes a long look at Producer Joseph Papp, who practices a kind of populist theater. In Dance we review the ballet festival that celebrates Igor Stravinsky's music.

For Associate Editor Stefan Kanfer, doing a story on Comedian-Writer-Actor-Director Woody Allen was a bit like going home. Kanfer, like Allen, once wrote gags for nightclub and TV personalities. He also had a short run as an off-Broadway playwright before joining TIME in 1966.

Thus qualified to appreciate comedic craftsmanship, Kanfer saw Allen's recent shows and movies, pored over a collection of gags and scripts, then interviewed him. Part of the Allen magic, Kanfer learned, grows out of his obsession with the improbable. "His mind takes very big leaps. There is an old movie with Laurel and Hardy carrying a piano across a tiny, swaying bridge. Funny, but still fairly logical. Then a gorilla appears at the other side of the bridge. In Allen's humor, there is always a gorilla at the end of his bridge."

Joe Papp creates his own brand of surprises, which Associate Editor Gerald Clarke describes in his article. Papp has made subsidized theater an innovative force in artistic terms, in part by discovering a number of new playwrights who otherwise would have no forum for their plays. The man who first produced *Hair* back in 1967 and who now has seven plays running simultaneously in New York City, Clarke believes, is more than a talented promoter. "He is that rare creature, the good editor, who brings out what the writer wants to say." Papp also has much to say about himself, the state of the theater and his future plans.

For Music-Dance Critic William Bender and Reporter-Researcher Rosemarie Tauris Zadikow, covering the weeklong Stravinsky Festival at New York's Lincoln Center was an experience of total immersion. The event, a Woodstock in ballet tie for devotees of ballet, proved almost as demanding on audiences as performers. In all, 31 ballets were presented in seven days, and 21 of them were new works. While Bender kept his critic's eye on the stage, Rosemarie interviewed Choreographers George Balanchine and Jerome Robbins for an article accompanying the review. "The festival went at an allegro pace," said Bender when the 31st and final curtain had fallen. "After this week our own steps have begun to seem choreographed."

Ralph P. Davidson

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LETTERS

Poisonous Monsters?

Sir / Maybe your article on the energy crisis [June 12] will at last wake up a couple of million people on what is to come next. Here in the Southwest we will again be exploited by builders of power plants whose benefits go to southern Nevada and California. It should be interesting to watch a modern-day range war come into play when Southwestern farmers, already severely handicapped by drought, have to give up water and clean air to run those belching poisonous monsters that provide power for electric toothbrushes, hair-setters, shavers, cutting knives, can openers and pencil sharpeners.

APRIL NEILSON
Salt Lake City

Sir / I hope that your article on the energy crisis helped people to understand the real issue. This is not a technological crisis. It is a social crisis, a sign of a confused society lacking well-defined priorities. There is no question that natural resources must be preserved and prudently managed. There is no question that growth and progress cannot be suppressed. We need statesmanship at the highest national level to assure a sound balance between the preservation of nature and the just as imperative demand to supply the energy needs of tomorrow.

JAMES SCOTT, M.D.
Streator, Ill.

Sir / Why is it always assumed that people have a right to use as much electric power as they wish? A partial solution to the problem of energy supply: limit the amount of electricity an individual is allowed to use. He would be free to use his allotted supply of electricity as he wishes; instead of using his electric shave-cream warmer in the morning, he might use 15 additional minutes of light to read at night, or he could watch a ball game on TV instead of using electric edge trimmers to cut a few blades of grass growing over the edge of the sidewalk.

CAROL JO WESTCOAT
Chicago

Sir / We Americans weren't alarmed over the energy crisis. Why, any day now some Jonas Salk at Con Edison will find a way to make electricity from turnip greens, and our cars will run pollution-free for a month on just water and a tiny pill.

JOHN MCCAULEY
Tarzana, Calif.

Gutless People?

Sir / I would like to put in a nomination for the twelve most gutless people in the United States: the jury that freed Angela Davis [June 12].

ROBERT MORTON
Concord, N.H.

Sir / Thank God for the acquittal of Angela Davis and the jury that was responsible for that verdict.

It restored my faith in my fellow citizens, who were able to see and think above the prosecution's shallow non-case.

MRS. ROBERT E. MARTIN
Fort Wayne, Ind.

Withstanding Torture

Sir / Re "The Beaten Generation" [June 12]. The most ridiculous aspect of corporal punishment is the way adults, in their usual

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LETTERS

presumptuous attitude toward child raising, actually think they are accomplishing something. The adult merely settles a temporary difficulty by exploiting the child's physical inability to defend himself. If kids deserve any sort of physical treatment in schools, then it is a pat on the back for withstanding the torture of classroom discipline, physical or not.

JOAN MALTESE
(Aged 16)
San Diego

Sir / Ban corporal punishment? It will be a sad day for both the teacher and the student when the student finds out his teacher is only a paper tiger.

BUD SHAW
Auburn, Calif.

Sir / My children recently attended school in a district where corporal punishment was frowned upon. The teachers were attempting to use psychology to solve all the problems. My children learned. They learned disrespect for their teacher and their fellow students.

They are now in a school where spanking is seldom used, but every student knows that it is a possibility. The classes are orderly, and they are learning the three Rs.

LEROY M. GAINES
Davis, Calif.

Sir / "The Beaten Generation" does not give a correct picture of the padding situation in Dallas.

Spankings in Dallas will increase for the same reasons that tornadoes have increased in Texas—just better reporting of what has happened all along.

Neither is this as much a problem of integration as you implied. I am a student who has been spanked, in junior and senior high school, and it was not a racial problem. There was not a single black teacher or black student in my schools—including

myself, whom you referred to in your article as "another black student."

The problem is mainly one of control over students v. individual rights; it is difficult for students to have classes teaching democracy and due process and not have it practiced anywhere in their school lives.

DOUGLAS WARE
Dallas

No Way

Sir / One small mistake in TIME's fine article about "The Presidential Character" [June 19] might give the impression that I have lost my historical marbles. There is just no way to make Theodore Roosevelt into a "passive-positive (compliant and other-directed)" President.

JAMES DAVID BARBER
Washington, D.C.

Good News, Bad News

Sir / "Good News, Bad News" jokes [June 5] did not originate, as you suggest, a few years ago "probably as spoofs on in-flight announcements by airline pilots." They date back far enough to have been contemporary with my grandfather. The best practitioners were Smith & Dale, their routines built around a dream one of them had, with the other analyzing it: "I dreamed my wife ran away." "That's bad." "No, that's good. But she left the children with me." "That's good." "No, that's bad; they're not my kids," etc.

ALAN SHEAN
Hollywood

Sir / The "Good News, Bad News" jokes originated more than a few years ago.

I can remember one from my high school days in the early 1950s. The Indian chief said to his assembled tribe during a famine: "I have good news and bad news. First the bad news: there's nothing to eat but buffalo dung. Now the good news: there's plenty of buffalo dung."

JAMES L. ACH
San Francisco

Sir / I believe that "Good News, Bad News" jokes derived from a group game we called "Yay! Boo!" which was played at high school and college parties in the '40s and '50s. For example: "This is your social chairman speaking. Tonight we have invited some ladies over to entertain us (Yay!). However, they will be completely dressed (Boo!) . . . in cellophane (Yay!)."

MARVIN S. KATZ
Hollywood

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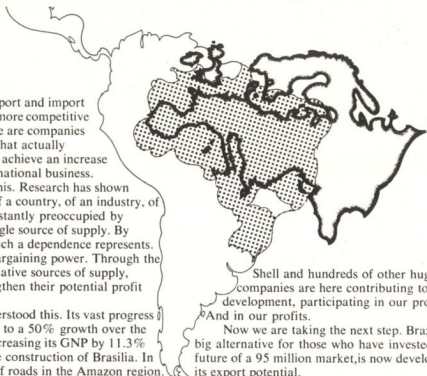
Brazil has understood this. Its vast progress has not been limited to a 50% growth over the last five years. In increasing its GNP by 11.3% only in 1971. By the construction of Brasília. In opening 2,000 km of roads in the Amazon region. In developing an automobile industry now producing 55,000 units per month. In eliminating the deficit of the national budget. In increasing foreign currency reserves to 2 billion dollars. In increasing power supply from 5 to 12 million kilowatts during the last six years. In investing 5% of the GNP in educational programs. In creating one million new jobs every year. Brazil did more: It turned abroad and attracted foreign capital investments. Volkswagen, Ford, Rhodia, General Electric, Ishikawajima, General Foods, Philips, Alfa Romeo, Carlsberg,

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TIME

THE WEEKLY NEWSMAGAZINE
July 3, 1972 Vol. 100, No. 1



FARM NEAR LEESBURG, VA., RINGED BY WATER



INUNDATED GOVERNOR'S MANSION IN HARRISBURG

THE NATION

AMERICAN NOTES

Reverse Fulbright

When asked once what he thought the U.S. could do to end the war in Viet Nam, Humorist Art Buchwald replied: "Just fly a plane load of German and Japanese bankers to Hanoi, and let them explain to the North Vietnamese leaders what happens to a country that loses a war to the U.S." Buchwald's fancy has a solid underpinning in fact. Under the Marshall Plan and a similarly massive rebuilding program in Asia, West Germany and Japan have enjoyed dizzying industrial growth and have flooded the U.S. market with Nikons and Leicas, Sonys and Telefunks, Toyotas and Volkswagens.

The U.S.'s former enemies have prospered so handsomely, in fact, that they are now in a position to make tangible displays of gratitude. In a recent address at Harvard, Chancellor Willy

Brandt pledged \$47 million for the formation of an American-run cultural foundation to be called the German Marshall Plan (TIME, June 19). Last week Japanese Ambassador Nobuhiko Ushiba announced in Washington, D.C., that his nation was giving the U.S. a reverse Fulbright program.

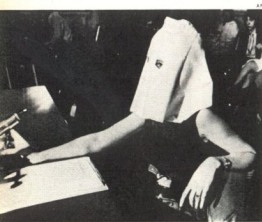
The Japan Foundation will be officially launched on Oct. 1 with an initial investment of \$32 million. It will underwrite the expenses of American scholars, economists and technicians who wish to study in Japan, and pay for Japanese scholars to study for six months in the U.S. The main point of the project, though, is to expand Japanese-studies programs at U.S. universities. Overall, the Japanese hope to improve somewhat strained ties with the U.S. Ambassador Ushiba praised the Fulbright program as a bridge to better understanding, pointedly adding: "This good will must be reciprocated."

The Legend of Whom?

No sooner does a generation unlearn a racial epithet than the stigma loses its sting. Consider, for example, the burgeoning controversy over the title of a new Western film, *The Legend of Nigger Charley*. Paramount released the movie with the "historical explanation" that the character of Nigger Charley was based on black cowboys who roamed the West after the Civil War—a period in which the term was in common currency and not necessarily derogative. But Charley's well-documented credentials failed to satisfy a number of newspaper, television and radio advertising executives. For example, the *Oregonian* first changed the title in its ads to read *Black Charley*, then ultimately switched to a dotted blank to replace the touchy word.

Fearing a hostile reaction from local black communities, some theater owners have followed suit on their marquees. As it turns out, no one has heard a word of black protest about the title. Indeed, the \$700,000 film grossed a nifty \$3 million within a few weeks after its release.

Charley himself, former Pro Football Player Fred Williamson, thinks the controversy is useless and that in fact the change seriously weakens the impact of the title. "Media people are expecting repercussions based on the significance of the word nigger to white people," he says, "but blacks don't have the same reaction to it any more. Changing the name just reflects the insecurity and guilt of some whites who think the niggers in their town will be offended and throw rocks at the theaters." Paramount Vice President Charles Glenn adds: "I wonder what the media would call a film of Joseph Conrad's *The Nigger of the Narcissus*."



DETECTIVE KATHLEEN CONLON
No monkey business.

Kid Stuff

In an age of spiraling teen-age crime, undercover agents have filtered into the schoolyard. One appeared—weirdly hooded and with a .38-cal. pistol tucked into her belt—before a congressional crime committee last week to testify on alleged drug abuse in New York City schools. She was Detective Kathleen Conlon, a petite 29-year-old who apparently looks young enough to pass for a teen-ager. That is just what she has done for the past three years in the city school system, in which, she told the committee, drug users and pushers operate freely. Asked what could be done about the problems, Miss Conlon replied: "Show these kids that you're going to stand for no monkey business, and they're going to straighten up and fly right."



RESCUE WORKERS AID SUSQUEHANNA FLOOD VICTIMS



POTOMAC OVERFLOW AT KENNEDY CENTER

DISASTERS

The Violent, Deadly Swath of Agnes

THE most ravaging storm in U.S. history started as a tiny blip on radar screens, a knot of tropical air masses forming near the island of Cozumel in the Gulf of Mexico, a few miles east of the Yucatan peninsula. Quickly, awesomely, it built into the first hurricane of the year, christened Agnes, a turbulent mass 250 miles in diameter drawing unusually heavy amounts of moisture from the sea below.

First Agnes crashed through Florida and Cuba and seemed about to peter out as it moved inland. But then it turned out to sea off Virginia, recharged its depleted energies and slammed back onto the northeast mainland, already saturated by a week of nearly incessant rains. By the weekend, at least 96 people were dead and more than 120,000 had been evacuated. Five states—Florida, Maryland, New York, Pennsylvania and Virginia—had been declared disaster areas, and damage estimates ran into the billions. Robert M. White, head of the National Oceanic and Atmospheric Administration, pronounced the flooding produced by Agnes "the most extensive in the country's history."

The hardest-hit areas were the southern tier of New York, Pennsylvania and the Virginia coast. Dikes broke in Richmond, flooding 200 blocks of the central city. Harrisburg, the capital of Pennsylvania, was virtually cut off by the floodwaters from the Susquehanna, where the river flow was put at 550 billion gallons a day—the highest in nearly two centuries of record keeping. Governor Milton Shapp's \$2.4 million executive mansion was flooded to its first-floor ceiling. Electric power failed; hospitals resorted to emergency generators. With roads, railways and the air-

port under water, President Nixon chose the only quick way to get there on his inspection tour of the damage: he helicoptered in from Camp David, Md., after a flying survey of flood damage in Maryland, Virginia and other areas in Pennsylvania.

Officials closed 64 miles of the Pennsylvania Turnpike to traffic. Roadbed washouts crippled rail traffic around Washington, Baltimore, Philadelphia and New York City. The Potomac crested in Washington at 6 ft. above flood level, the highest in 36 years; the Kennedy Center approaches were inundated, and Army engineers packed protective sandbags near the Washington Monument. At Corning, N.Y., all of the Corning Glass Works facilities were under water; nearby in Elmira, 20 ft. of water lapped at buildings in the downtown business district.

Heroism. Time after time people were swept away by the floodwaters while others could only stand by and watch helplessly. Thomas Girvin, 20, held his date, Mary Katherine McCordle, above water as long as he could after a wave hit their car in Columbia, Md.; finally she panicked and then disappeared into the water. Girvin was washed half a mile downstream before the current fetched him up against a tree. Carlotta Shelton of Baltimore could not unfasten all the seat belts in her car quickly enough; she was carried away by the floods and survived, but her three trapped children drowned in the auto. As always in a great disaster, however, tragedy was remitted by heroism. Said Bob McNamara, a West Pittston, Pa., insurance broker: "Everyone was pitching in. The kids, especially, were tremendous. These dikes gave way, and in the middle of the night

here are a thousand kids shoveling mounds of sand. These kids really jeopardized their lives. But they held the damn river back for three hours and gave people a chance to get out."

Oddly, Agnes was not the only flood news in a grim week of troubles around the globe (see THE WORLD). Irrigation canals overflowed around Phoenix, Ariz., drenching desert land that is normally parched. A hastily built earthen dike gave way in Isleton, Calif., which is on Andrus Island in the Sacramento delta, forcing the evacuation of 1,400 people. Near by, a 100-yd. levee break drove several hundred people in the area near Rio Vista to high ground. And in Rapid City, S.D., where floodwaters killed 226 early in June, Charles Childs, head of the missing persons office, reported that the list of those unaccounted for, which initially included about 4,500 names, is now down to 124.



SAVING THE BASEMENT TV
And sandbagging Washington.

POLITICS

The Bugs at the Watergate

It was just a strip of masking tape, but it is fast stretching into the most provocative caper of 1972, an extraordinary bit of bungling of great potential advantage to the Democrats and damage to the Republicans in this election year.

Walking his late-night rounds at Washington's Watergate office building, a security guard spotted the tape blocking the bolt on a basement door. He removed it—but on his return a few minutes later he found the lock taped open again. He called police, and a three-man squad found two more taped locks—as well as a jimmied door leading into the shadowy offices of the Democratic National Committee on the sixth floor. Just outside Chairman Larry O'Brien's inner sanctum, they flushed five men wearing fingerprint-concealing surgical gloves and laden with a James Bondian assortment of cameras, tools, intricate electronic bugging gear and \$6,500 in crisp, new bills, most of which were serially numbered.

O'Brien promptly accused the Republicans of "blatant political espionage," adding that the event raises "the ugliest questions about the integrity of the political process that I have encountered in a quarter century." Former Attorney General John Mitchell, who heads up Nixon's campaign Committee for the Re-Election of the President, retorted that this was "sheer demagoguery." The White House, through Presidential Press Secretary Ron Ziegler, at first tried to dismiss the incident as a "third-rate burglary attempt." That it was considerably more serious became clear when the five arrested men were identified. One was in the pay of Mitchell's committee; several had past links to the CIA. Beyond that, shadowy trails reached close enough to the White House, as one Republican admitted privately, to shake the G.O.P. with fears that another ITT

scandal—or worse—was in the making.

The man on the Republican payroll was James W. McCord, Jr., 53, the \$1,209-a-month chief security coordinator and electronics expert of the Committee for the Re-Election of the President. (In the best *Mission: Impossible* tradition, he was promptly disavowed by Mitchell and fired.) He had retired in 1970 as a CIA security specialist and been recommended to the Republicans by Al Wong, a Secret Service officer.

Also captured in the Watergate were Bernard Barker, 55, a key liaison

but the other four remained in jail.

Among papers found on two of the men were some bearing the name Howard Hunt and the notation "W. House" or "W.H." with his name. Hunt turned out to be a sometime journalist, a long-time CIA agent and an occasional novelist (when first arrested, the five offered aliases resembling names of characters in his books). More recently Hunt has been a special White House consultant; he served for several months in 1971 and 1972 on narcotics intelligence work. He was recommended for the job by Nixon's Special Counsel Charles W. Colson, admired and feared in Washington as the Administration's chief hatchetman and master of its dirty-trick department. Colson and Hunt are alumni of Brown University and friends.



"When did you first begin to get the feeling you were being followed?"

between the CIA and the Cuban exiles who participated in the abortive Bay of Pigs invasion in 1961, and Frank Sturgis, 37, another Bay of Pigs operative, who has since built a ripe career as a soldier of fortune. The other men arrested were anti-Castro Cubans: Eugenio Martinez, 49, a Miami real estate broker employed by Barker's firm, and Virgilio Gonzalez, 46, a barber before he fled Castro's Cuba who is now, interestingly enough, a locksmith. It was suspected that two lookouts escaped. Late in the week McCord was freed on bail,

Lately Hunt has been working for a private public relations firm that does some Government business. One coup: he persuaded Julie Eisenhower to star in a 30-second HEW spot for TV on opportunities for handicapped children. Hunt has managed to keep in close touch with his old friends; in fact, he and Barker had at least one recent get-together in Miami.

On advice of counsel, Hunt refused to talk with FBI agents about that meeting or anything else, but they had better luck elsewhere. Thanks to those crisp new bills the gang was carrying, the financing of the operation was soon traced to accounts controlled by Barker in Miami's Republic National Bank. The money was part of \$89,000 that Barker had received from an as yet unidentified source in Mexico City in April. Recently all was withdrawn and an estimated \$30,000 was then spent for the costly eavesdropping equipment as well as the group's living and operational expenses.

At first it was thought that the men had been attempting to install the bugs in O'Brien's office. In fact, the devices



McCORD BARKER MARTINEZ STURGIS GONZALEZ
Ascribing slightly sophomoric motives and methods to serious men.

may have been there for some time; the men may have been removing them for replanting in the Democratic headquarters in Miami Beach. Diagrams were found of the key hotel suites that the Democrats have reserved for the convention. But did the Democrats really have any secrets worth all that trouble? There might be some tactical advantage in monitoring the opposition's strategy, but it would hardly seem worth the expense and high risk.

Some think that the Administration, if it did indeed set up the operation, was after something else. There is, says one insider, "almost a paranoia" in the Government about all of the leaks of confidential papers and memoranda to Jack Anderson and others; someone trying to find the source of the leaks might have figured that O'Brien would know. (Oddly, Frank Sturgis is a longtime Anderson source.) The trouble with both theories is that they ascribe slightly sophomoric motives and methods to presumably serious men.

Suspicion. At his press conference, President Nixon himself reiterated that "the White House has had no involvement whatever in this particular incident." Inevitably the FBI's investigation was being watched closely to make sure there was no White House effort to whitewash the case. The first suspicion arose when Mitchell and Acting FBI Director L. Patrick Gray were both at the Newporter Inn in California's Newport Beach the day after the arrests. But both denied seeing the other man there. "The hotel is a big place," says Gray. "I was in Room 331, the Mitchells were in a villa. One of my agents told me the Mitchells were there." The FBI checks telephone records routinely—was it looking into Colson's recent telephone calls from his home? No, Gray says, but the FBI had talked with Colson about the case. His agents had, however, inquired at the White House about Howard Hunt's telephone calls while working there. "We were told that no records are kept of any calls made by the people with the White House."

To keep the heat on the investigation and gain all the political mileage possible from what Washington wisecracks were calling "the Second Bay of Pigs," O'Brien and the Democrats filed a \$1 million damage suit in the U.S. District of Columbia Court, charging Mitchell's committee, the five snoopers and assorted John Does with conspiracy to violate civil rights. Hard-driving Criminal Lawyer Edward Bennett Williams was signed on as the Democrats' lawyer and began efforts to speed the case into court. "It is likely," said Williams pointedly, "that we can at least have all the facts developed by November."

Meanwhile, at the beleaguered offices of the Committee for the Re-Election of the President, someone with his sense of humor intact put up a sign proclaiming FREE THE WATERGATE FIVE.

Alternate Democratic Visions

WISCONSIN, 54... Massachusetts, 102... Nebraska, 18... Oregon, 34... New Jersey, 71... California, 271... Last week, in the final phase of the spring primary season, George McGovern's sleek and improbable juggernaut rolled through New York. As the votes were counted, McGovern stood amid his euphoric supporters in Manhattan's Biltmore Hotel, his thin hair flecked with confetti, his tanned face creased with a wide, white grin. "SOUTH DAKOTA WOW," proclaimed one cardboard sign. In his flat, prairie tones, McGovern said calmly: "I'm convinced we will now win the nomination in Miami Beach."

So it seemed. With his sixth straight primary victory, McGovern had acquired 226 of the 278 New York delegates. The spring's relentless arithmetic had now pushed his delegate total over 1,300, putting him fewer than 200 votes from the 1,509 he will need for a first-ballot victory at the Democratic Convention. By this week, McGovern's men claimed, he would have raised the total to just over 1,400—including pledges he expected to pick up from uncommitted delegates in half a dozen states. McGovern was also hoping to pry loose some 40 to 50 black delegates, even though they were reluctant for the moment to desert Congresswoman Shirley Chisholm before she had a chance at least to be nominated. If McGovern "nickel and dined" his way to Miami Beach, picking up delegates anxious to join a winner's bandwagon, he could turn the convention balloting into a mere ratification ceremony.

Hints. The entire McGovern phenomenon—his progress from near-obscure to something like a *fait accompli*—has left the Democratic Party in a state bordering on stupefaction. Only now, perhaps too late, are the party's regulars beginning to shake off their astonishment and think of ways to avert what many of them regard as the disaster of a McGovern candidacy. But thus far no one has produced a candidate, an organization or a plausible scenario to stop McGovern.

After dropping some hints that he might be available, Edward Kennedy last week issued a Shermansque statement (see following story). Edmund Muskie remained in the race, hoping dimly that if McGovern fetched up short of a first-ballot victory, the convention might deadlock and turn to him. Hubert Humphrey, behaving with all the scrambling ebullience of a fresh contender, says he remains convinced that in the end organized labor and the party's regular leaders will reject McGovern and leave him 100-150 votes short of a first-ballot nomination. Humphrey says he expects to control 672 first-ballot votes out of the total of 1,700 non-McGovern delegates, thinks that

by the third ballot he can pick up enough support from delegates pledged to Muskie, George Wallace, Henry Jackson, Wilbur Mills and others to take the nomination. At the moment, says Humphrey, "my chances are 1 in 4."

The key to Humphrey's scenario is a challenge to the California delegation. Under that state's winner-take-all primary rules, the delegation must give all its 271 votes to McGovern, who won the primary with 44% of the vote. Humphrey and others are arguing that this unit rule violates the spirit of the party's reform, denying representation, for example, to the 39% of the Democrats who voted for Humphrey. Last



McGOVERN & WIFE ELEANOR
Now to the nickels and dimes.

week a California federal district court judge rejected a legal challenge of the unit rule, but Humphrey plans to take the case to the convention floor, where he may have the support of other candidates who see the challenge as the best hope to stop McGovern. In the unlikely event that the maneuver should succeed, Humphrey would pick up about 110 California delegates out of McGovern's total. Then, reasons Humphrey, if the non-McGovern delegates hold fast, the convention might turn around.

It is a somewhat wishful projection. Indeed, there are many Democrats neutral or even unsympathetic toward McGovern who believe that if the party denied the nomination to a man who had legally amassed 1,300 or more delegates through the primaries and caucuses, then the party would be in

THE NATION

ruins, the nomination scarcely worth having. Perhaps naturally, Humphrey dismisses that idea: "The party is weary of temper tantrums of juveniles who, if they don't get their way, are going to bolt." But Indiana's Senator Birch Bayh, himself an early presidential contender, shares a foreboding that a convention defeat for McGovern would mean a disastrous fracturing of the Democratic Party—"It'd make 1968 look like Little League ball compared to the Baltimore Orioles."

But the McGovern candidacy has already split the Democrats so badly that they are now in some ways two different parties—the McGovernites and the regulars. The McGovern forces—the young, the suburbanites, the intellectuals, an admixture of some blacks and blue-collar workers—are parvenus to the old party, a new political wave bred in complicated ways by Viet Nam, the assassinations, all the dislocations of the '60s. The others—labor, organization Democrats like Chicago Mayor Richard Daley, elected politicians—tend to have older and firmer roots in the party's traditional structure.

POSTER URGING YOUTH TO MIAMI



DALEY & HUMPHREY AT MAYORS' MEETING



The McGovernites, superbly organized under the new party rules, have swept to control in state after state, leaving the regular party workers stunned and sometimes apologetic. In a sense, the McGovernites are, abruptly, the party's establishment now, and some of them, more intransigent and radical than their candidate, have grown abrasive in dealing with the regulars. At Minnesota's Democratic Farmer-Labor Party convention, McGovern zealots pushed through platform planks calling for legalized marijuana, unconditional amnesty and homosexual marriage. Idaho Democrats suddenly found their platform calling for abortion, abolition of the death penalty, amnesty and withdrawal from Viet Nam within 90 days.

Inventory. In most sections of the country, a bleak and occasionally despairing mood has settled over party regulars contemplating a McGovern nomination. Their disconsolate argument is that McGovern, besides losing the presidency to Richard Nixon in November, may drag other Democrats down to defeat with him, possibly costing the party control of state legislatures, courthouses, the U.S. Senate and even the House.

Most Democrats agree that McGovern will have to write off the South, so bitter is the sentiment against him there. But nowhere are the party's regulars sanguine about the prospects for November if McGovern runs. A prominent Jewish fund-raiser predicts that "most of my friends would vote for Nixon and give their money to Nixon." Although McGovern was at pains in New York to proclaim himself a firm supporter of Israel, some Jews still mistrust him; some also feel that McGovern's political aura is too radical. San Francisco's Mayor Joseph Alioto, a Humphrey supporter, fears that the Italian community, finding McGovern "too permissive," would drift into the Republican column. Says an Illinois delegate: "McGovern is to get in tune with the realities of the middle class. If he doesn't, he's headed for disaster."

A leading Democrat took this unhappy inventory last week: No one can block McGovern's nomination, and if McGovern is nominated, he cannot win in November. His only chance would be to abandon the South and Border states, shift his positions to regain the moderate, middle-ground Democrats and hope somehow for a sweep through the Eastern industrial states—Massachusetts, Connecticut, New York, New Jersey, Pennsylvania—plus Ohio, Indiana, Illinois, Michigan, Minnesota, Wisconsin and California.

One of the unhappy Democrats these days is Lyndon Johnson, who sits on his Texas ranch recovering from his heart attack, seething in frustration at the turn his party has taken, and perhaps

feeling a bit like King Lear. He would love to attend the convention, but refused Democratic National Committee Chairman Lawrence O'Brien's personal invitation. Johnson knows that his presence there would only open the old party wounds, reminding everyone that he represented what McGovern wants to repudiate. "Lyndon just doesn't carry any weight in the party," says a long-time political associate, "and he knows it. It's a miserable fate for a man who only four years ago was President of the U.S., but it is a fact nevertheless."

Part of the professionals' disgruntlement may, of course, be only temporary. Observes Nelson Rising, a young Los Angeles attorney and McGovern supporter: "It's natural when power is shifting hands that there is going to be some distress and disenchantment." The realities of power may reconcile many. McGovern's primary triumphs were not merely legerdemain but solid electoral victories as well. Last week, for the first time, a Gallup poll showed McGovern as the first presidential choice among rank-and-file Democrats—with 46% v. 43% for Humphrey. Where the pros fear a Nixon landslide, McGovern's legions are planning a massive youth registration drive, aimed at signing up some 18 million of the 25 million newly enfranchised young. That drive, if pursued with the same efficiency as McGovern's primary campaign, might offset the anticipated defections to Nixon. Connecticut Senator Abraham Ribicoff describes McGovern's organization as already "better than any of the Kennedys ever had."

Virtuous. Nor will McGovern necessarily be perceived as the radical that his image and some of his own supporters have made him seem. Says one Democratic Senator: "Some of the pros are worried about losing the old American Virtue vote. But after all, he's the son of a Methodist minister, a decorated bomber pilot from as middle American a state as South Dakota. I can't see why that fellow can't be a pretty virtuous soul." Adds Illinois Senator Adlai Stevenson III: "The contest could just become a contest of character, and to many Richard Nixon is a caricature of a politician."

With the primaries behind him, McGovern last week was laying plans to try to calm his party, to reassure those who are trumpeting disaster. It will be an intricate job, for McGovern must accommodate himself to the rest of the party without abusing his own zealous followers. For the moment, McGovern left the delegate-hunting to his aides and drove to his rambling white frame farmhouse on Maryland's Eastern Shore. There, after more than a year on the campaign, he relaxed with his wife Elcanor and his house guests, Actress Julie Christie and Actor Warren Beatty, walking on the beach by Chesapeake Bay in the rainy aftermath of tropical storm Agnes, playing records and reading *The Brothers Karamazov*.

Ted Says No

What was Ted Kennedy up to? Two weeks back he set Democratic swivel chairs spinning by confiding to the *Boston Globe's* Martin Nolan that if his presence on a ticket headed by George McGovern would "make a difference" in Democratic chances, he would accept the vice-presidential nomination.

Cornered soon afterward by other newsmen, Kennedy obscured things utterly by saying that he was not available for either place on the ticket—but that nonetheless he would consider standing for the vice presidency if the Democrats could not win without him. "I would not exclude all possibilities," he said, widening the confusion.

Last week in New York, Queens Democratic Leader Matthew Troy, an early McGovern backer, made it known that he was about to start a draft-Ted boom for the No. 2 slot; so Kennedy flip-flopped again. He telephoned Troy

ging his new book on the subject.

But McGovern's primary victory in New York seemed to sew things up; the Democrats could only harm their prospects by denying McGovern the nomination now. Kennedy stood down, even though he is known to be mildly irritated at the McGovern camp for spreading the word that Kennedy was ready to endorse their man whenever an endorsement would be useful.

To run for Vice President, Kennedy would risk assassination just as clearly and as unavoidably as if he were running for President. Publicly Kennedy explains: "Family and personal considerations are the primary responsibilities I have at the present time. They are the first and overriding consideration." Kennedy will sit out most of the convention in Hyannisport. If he feels the need for a show of party unity after the ticket is picked, he will put in a quick appearance in Miami Beach.

Liz the Lion Killer

The shock waves ran through the streets from Ocean Parkway to the Brooklyn College campus. Emmanuel Celler, 84, dean of the House of Representatives and uncrowned king of Brooklyn's Flatbush section, a battle-hardened old pro who was first elected to Congress during the Warren Harding Administration, had apparently been defeated in the Democratic primary by a bright, brisk young woman 54 years his junior. She is Elizabeth Holtzman, a Harvard Law School graduate who mounted one of the most persistent campaigns against Celler in the history of the highly political area. With 35,000 voting, Miss Holtzman edged out the venerable chairman of the House Judiciary Committee by an unofficial margin of 562 votes.

Of course, Liz, as she likes to be called, still has a way to go to get to Washington. The vote was so close that both candidates asked that the ballot boxes be impounded before the official tally is announced this week. Even if his opponent is declared the winner, Celler has the option of running on the Liberal Party ticket in November. That makes Miss Holtzman's victory no less dramatic. She beat Celler at what was once his own game: an old-fashioned, hand-pumping, doorbell-ringing street campaign, aided by a determined group of volunteers. What is more, she beat him in a district that has a high index of elderly voters.

Liz's support came from both sexes. Though she has allied herself with various women's movements, she remains Miss, not Ms., and none of the Women's Caucus "flying squads" appeared in Flatbush to stump for her. The campaign was almost purely one of issues—and age. Says Miss Holtzman: "I was a constituent of his, and I never saw him. He never seemed to attend any of the local meetings." With two years as a state committeewoman behind her, Liz



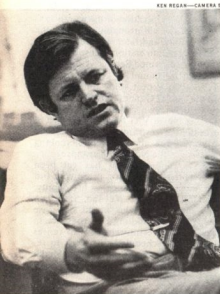
ELIZABETH HOLTZMAN CHEERED
Dramatic victory.

Holtzman sailed into Celler, buttonholing anyone who would listen at supermarkets and subway stops. She attacked him on the basis of absenteeism, and pointed out that he did not even keep an office in Brooklyn. She also blanketed the area with copies of a Jack Anderson column that accused Celler of supporting legislation that benefited an electrical-contracting company represented by his Manhattan law firm.

Candidate Holtzman was probably helped by the fact that she is a McGovern supporter and by an undeniable complacency on the part of Celler backers. The Congressman ruefully noted: "My problem was that I didn't have any problems." But Liz was an attractive candidate in her own right. Born and raised in Brooklyn, she earned a Phi Beta Kappa key at Radcliffe. While a student at law school she went to the South to give legal aid to the civil rights movement, then joined a small New York law firm after graduation. She later worked for Mayor John Lindsay as his liaison to the city's parks, recreation and cultural affairs administration. Now Liz must likely face up to another bout next fall with the crafty old lion she has so severely wounded.

School for Candidates

The room looked like the campaign headquarters of a well-heeled candidate. Red, white and blue bunting festooned the walls, and pretty girls in tri-color jackets served doughnuts and cups of steaming coffee to visitors. Inside the television studio of Kaiser Broadcasting's Detroit office, even the klieg lights were filtered in the national colors. But the crowd that settled into chairs before the speaker's platform were not prospective voters, or delegates, but candidates. They had come for a



SENATOR EDWARD KENNEDY
Hard to read.

to call him off, and then issued the flat statement: "There are no circumstances under which I would accept a nomination for any national office this year."

Troy had a perfectly good political reason for what he did: Queens is heavily Roman Catholic, and Troy fears that Nixon may do well there in November because he has courted the Catholic vote. "Nixon has done everything but serve Mass," Troy says. Ted Kennedy's motives were harder to read. In fact, Kennedy has kept the possibility of a candidacy this year alive until now in order to hang on to as much clout as possible, inside the Senate and out. Only last week, he appeared with House Ways and Means Chairman Wilbur Mills to push his compulsory national health-insurance plan, and Teddy was all over television plug-



IMAGE MAKER AILES
Get long socks.

seminar on a topic of paramount importance to each of them: how, in the era of instant communication, to use television, radio and print to get themselves elected.

For two days last week, Detroit area politicians and hopefuls studied at the feet of two masters of political cosmetics: spruce, wise-cracking Roger Ailes, television adviser and image maker to President Nixon, and soft-drawing Gordon Wade, onetime director of communications for the Republican National Committee. Under the sponsorship of Kaiser Broadcasting, the pair have now held six bipartisan sessions in major cities, giving advice that ranges from the fundamental ("Money is the mothers' milk of politics") to the peripheral ("Get long socks. Nobody likes to see a patch of bare leg over a droopy sock"). Unusual as it seems, the idea is working. Said one Detroit pol: "I've learned more here than I've learned in twelve years in politics."

It works mainly because Ailes, who made Nixon into the media candidate he clearly was not in his saggy-jowled, I know what it's like to be poor days, knows his subject extraordinarily well. He begins by informing the class that he does not. "Anybody who tells you he's an expert in politics," he says, "is either a fool or a knave, and probably both." Then he launches into a lesson on the basics. Get a good public relations director. Figure out how big a role your family will play. Get a good photograph taken—and never, never at the end of a tough day. "Have someone on your own campaign do an opposition research job on you," says Wade. "Be honest with yourself."

Some of the questions that arose have probably never been asked in public seminar. "What do you do," asked an official who is up for re-election in November, "when an opponent has something unsavory in his background?" Ailes and Wade quickly agreed that above all else, "you do not break it your-

self. Have the campaign committee do it, or have a friendly newsmen do it, or leak it to the press. But be sure your facts are correct." Ailes continued: "This is a high-risk thing, and I would bring it up only if it bears on your opponent's capacity to hold the office. If a candidate is running as a protector of the environment and has a part in a deal in which a company is dumping sludge in a river, that's legitimate. But I'd like to have Ralph Nader bring it up—preferably holding up a dead fish on TV."

Video Clips. Television is the primary subject in Ailes' curriculum. He noted that 73% of the people who vote in elections claim that they had their major contact with the campaign through television, as compared with 68% with newspaper and magazine contact and 63% by direct mail. He cautioned: "Don't fall into the trap of believing that anything on TV is a false image and in person everything is real. What the camera does is simply magnify. You are what you are and you can't hide it. Anyway, how much did you know about a candidate when he waved to you from the back of a train?" Using video clips from training sessions with various high-level candidates (Nixon, James Buckley, Robert Wagner), Ailes demonstrated such tricks as bouncing the eyes downward when changing your gaze from one camera to eliminate that startled-fawn look.

Other advice: find out who your interviewer is going to be and offer to write your own introduction. Check the lighting (Ailes suggests that black candidates need 100 candle power more illumination), and make sure nothing about your appearance distracts the audience. For dealing with the writing press, Ailes warned: "Never get up there without thinking what's the worst question that could be asked and having an answer."

Overall, he and Wade are pleased that the candidates feel they have learned how to be better candidates. But Ailes parted Detroit with a sobering thought: "Politics is fun. Everybody agrees to that. But government is hard work. We've got to teach that, too."

ARMED FORCES

Abrams Takes Charge

*Now hear this. Now hear this.
We have you surrounded. [sic]
Surrounded? My ass, but that's
Abrams.*

—A poem by Lincoln Kirstein

General Creighton Abrams' gift for making the best of nasty situations goes back at least as far as the World War II incident those lines recall, in which he outbluffed a nest of German army troopers. His record in four years as U.S. commander in Viet Nam indicates that he has not lost the talent. Now he faces a still tougher task. Nominated last week by President Nixon to suc-

ceed General William C. Westmoreland as Army Chief of Staff, Abrams, 57, must tackle the job of regenerating the Army in the wake of Viet Nam and, if Nixon has his way, presiding over its conversion to an all-volunteer force.

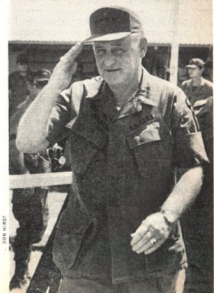
Among Army brass, the belief is strong that Abrams can handle the assignment. Said one general: "Abe will do everything that Westy has started—and that's a lot—but he will do it a little faster. Abe has a way of getting people to move fast." Among those Westmoreland efforts: the creation of a smaller, more professional and more efficient Army; improved race relations; more effective drug controls; and a reduction in rapid command turnovers.

There is no absolute guarantee, however, that Abrams will follow exactly in the path of Westmoreland. In Viet Nam, for example, Abrams moved the Army away from his predecessor's massive search-and-destroy methods to vigorous, small-unit tactics aimed at keeping the enemy off balance. Along with this went heavily increased emphasis on Vietnamization of the war.

Abrams will probably return to the U.S. in July and later will undergo the ritual preconfirmation questioning by the Senate Armed Services Committee. Though he should be confirmed readily, he can expect some tough queries on the case of General Lavelle, who carried on his own private bombing war against North Viet Nam in defiance of presidential restraints. How much did Abrams know about Lavelle's bombing patterns in the North, for instance?

No announcement has yet been made on his successor in Saigon, but the most likely choice is his deputy, General Frederick Weyand, 55, a tall, thoughtful man who would supervise the steadily dwindling U.S. presence in Viet Nam. Westmoreland, who retires June 30, is scheduled this week to receive the Distinguished Service Medal from President Richard Nixon as a parting gesture.

GENERAL CREIGHTON ABRAMS



ARE YOU IN THE MARKET FOR A HARDTOP?

Nearly half of the new cars sold in America last year were hardtops.

The public, it seems, is in love with hardtops.

At Volvo, we're not.

As far as we're concerned, the best way to build a safe car is to build a strong car.

So Volvos have six steel pillars holding up the roof. Each one is strong enough to support the weight of the entire car.

These pillars are part of a box construction that surrounds and protects the passenger compartment.

A Volvo's body is fused together by 10,000 spot welds.

And when you build this kind of strength into a car's body, it holds up.

Are you in the market for a hardtop? Or is what you really want a hard top?



VOLVO

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DIPLOMACY

Bringing Pressure on Hanoi

PRESIDENTIAL Adviser Henry Kissinger flew back to Washington at week's end from a four-day visit to Peking, his fourth in less than a year. His return brought to an end, for the moment at least, a flurry of activity by top-level American, Chinese and Soviet officials that appeared to be focused on Viet Nam.

The exact nature of Kissinger's talks with Chinese Premier Chou En-lai was not yet known. But clearly from the kind of treatment Kissinger received, the Chinese considered the visit highly important. Kissinger was installed in the state guest house at Jade Abyss Pool Park in Peking, and between meetings with Premier Chou En-lai, treated to a lavish banquet in the Great Hall of the People. The *People's Daily* prominently displayed a group photograph of Kissinger, Chou and their top aides.

Kissinger reported frequently to President Nixon, using special communications gear aboard the presidential 707 that had brought him to Peking. Kissinger discussed the Moscow summit with the Chinese, along with his own recent trip to Japan, and is said to have assured them that at neither meeting was any agreement made that interfered with China's national interests. Presumably he also discussed recent agreements between Moscow and Washington, including the SALT accord. But the principal subject of the talks—and the reason that had brought Kissinger to Peking—was Viet Nam and a U.S. request that the Chinese help Washington get the long-stalled peace talks going on a realistic new footing.

KISSINGER & HOSTS IN PEKING

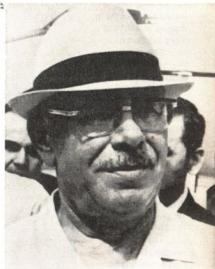


The Chinese were prepared to lend a hand within limits. Indeed, they are believed to have urged such negotiations when Le Duc Tho, Hanoi's chief delegate to the Paris peace talks, visited Peking a few days earlier. The Chinese have made it clear in private that they disapprove of Hanoi's current offensive—and of the conventional-type warfare that the North Vietnamese have been waging with Soviet weaponry. Thus they have recently provided only military aid to Hanoi and have closed their harbors to Soviet ships bearing supplies for North Viet Nam.

Mission of Persuasion. Nonetheless, Chou recently declared that China must not repeat the "mistakes" of the 1954 Geneva Conference, which partitioned Viet Nam—meaning that Peking will not directly pressure Hanoi into an agreement. Presumably out of respect for North Vietnamese feelings, the *People's Daily* published an anti-U.S. editorial on the eve of Kissinger's visit.

Only a few days earlier, Soviet President Nikolai Podgorny visited Hanoi, apparently also on a mission of persuasion. Podgorny had to explain first the Soviet Union's refusal or inability to try to lift the U.S. blockade of North Vietnamese ports. Ten Soviet ships are bottled up in Haiphong harbor; and though the Russians have nine minesweepers in nearby waters, they realize that the U.S. could lay mines far faster than the minesweepers can clear them. Just how persuasive he was on Viet Nam was not entirely clear. During a stopover at Calcutta airport on his way home, Podgorny, sporting a new mustache, claimed that "everything went as I wanted" in Hanoi and promised that the Paris peace talks would be resumed "soon." Back in Moscow, however, the Soviet government said merely that the talks were marked by "frankness, friendship and comradeship"—which, in Communist jargon, usually means stark disagreement.

In effect, Hanoi was under pressure from all three major powers. The Soviet Union and China have apparently concluded that their national interests would be best served by an end to the Indochina war, since that would remove the major irritant to their relations with the U.S. During the Peking and Moscow summits, Nixon evidently persuaded them that the U.S. is genuinely

PODGORNY IN CALCUTTA
Some explaining to do.

anxious to withdraw its troops. They are also convinced that in the long run the Communists of the North will come to dominate all of Viet Nam anyway. By receiving Nixon, both made it evident that they accord their relations with the U.S. a higher priority than providing full-scale assistance to North Viet Nam—though probably not to the extent of forcing Hanoi to settle the war on U.S. terms.

Was the diplomatic offensive having any effect? For several days last week, the North Vietnamese Politburo was in almost constant session. A number of key ambassadors abroad had also been summoned home for the meetings. But there was no evidence that the North Vietnamese were yielding to the great power pressure. In Paris, Hanoi's delegation went through the ritual of asking the U.S. to resume the weekly talks, although earlier they had insisted that the U.S. would have to ask for future meetings. But they gave no indication whatever of a softening in their terms.

Quite the contrary. Late in the week, the delegation invited some 50 Western newsmen to the North Vietnamese villa in suburban Choisy-le-Roi for tea. Their chief spokesman, Nguyen Than Le, rejected a suggestion that Nixon's May 8 proposals—for an immediate cease-fire, release of American prisoners of war and withdrawal within four months—had brought the two sides any closer together. "Our positions," said Le, "are as different as night and day." As for the Kissinger and Podgorny trips, Le merely repeated the standard cliché that any diplomatic effort to solve the problem "without speaking directly with the representatives of the people of Viet Nam" was "bound to fail."

THE WAR

Elusive Victories

The battered city of An Loc was still under siege last week—the longest of the Viet Nam War, surpassing the 74-day record set at Khe Sanh in 1968. Nonetheless the South Vietnamese government proclaimed An Loc a major victory, on the grounds that it had not been overrun. Certainly its defenders deserved full credit for endurance and courage under the war's heaviest artillery barrage (TIME, June 26). But An Loc is not yet a victory for either side.

The South Vietnamese relief column, sent to reopen An Loc's lifeline in the early days of the Communist offensive, was still pinned down as of last week to the south along Highway 13. The relief force has suffered at least 5,000 casualties, but in the past month it has hardly advanced a yard.

"Those who proclaim a great victory at An Loc cannot have it both ways," writes TIME's Saigon Bureau Chief Stanley Cloud. "Either the North Vietnamese were badly beaten in their effort to take the town and therefore do not have a force of any great size still blocking the road, or else Lieut. General Nguyen Van Minh and his troops have been, in the bitter words of one Western military expert in Saigon, 'culpable in their failure to push on in there.'" By keeping the column stationary, Minh and his officers may actually have exposed it to at least as many casualties as it would have suffered had it pushed ahead and relieved the town.

The argument over An Loc was overshadowed by the larger fact that the North Vietnamese offensive has obviously been blunted, at immense cost to the Communists. U.S. officials believe that half or more of the 120,000-man North Vietnamese force that pushed into South Viet Nam has been killed or wounded—primarily by air strikes—and that all but 100 or 200 of the approximately 600 tanks with which the Communists began the offensive have been destroyed. "If I were Giap," declared one American general, "I'd begin to wonder how I was going to extricate myself."

The chief lesson of the offensive was that tactical air strikes could stop the Communists—but could not recover territory they had captured. That must be done by ground troops. The South Vietnamese armed forces, recovering at last from earlier disastrous defeats like Quang Tri, have begun to address themselves to that task.

At Kontum in the Central Highlands, the untested ARVN 23rd Division routed the 1,000 to 2,000 North Vietnamese troops that tried to infiltrate the town. At Hué, General Ngo Quang Truong, the new regional commander, sent elements of the 1st ARVN Division and the South Vietnamese marines on spoiling actions against enemy units southwest and north of the city. To the north, a force of 2,000 marines were pushing into Communist-controlled Quang Tri province, though they were encountering heavy opposition twelve miles south of Quang Tri city.

President Nguyen Van Thieu took

advantage of the improved military situation to announce that the next three months would be devoted to an all-out counterattack. Obviously worried that Washington might be on the verge of a cease-fire, Thieu evidently judged that if he is to survive politically, he must spur the military into making a genuine counteroffensive.

Even an all-out military drive would not enable Thieu to wipe out the North Vietnamese gains. Despite their failure to capture Hué, Kontum and An Loc, the Communists have achieved many objectives of their Easter offensive. Besides inflicting heavy casualties on several ARVN divisions, they have very nearly undermined the all-important Vietnamization program and paralyzed pacification efforts in much of the countryside. They have once again staked out large swatches of territory in South Viet Nam's historically vulnerable regions. Though the Communists control only a small percentage of the South's population, the offensive has left them in charge of much the same territory they held in 1954, at the time of the Geneva Agreement (see map).

What happens next? The North's Vo Nguyen Giap has, in addition to his forces outside South Viet Nam, at least 80,000 men left within the country. Unless President Thieu and his forces can keep the North Vietnamese from forming up in battle strength again—or some sort of tentative cease-fire is agreed upon—most U.S. advisers in Saigon fully expect the North Vietnamese to strike once more, perhaps between mid-July and mid-September.



Ceremonial Stand-Down

The 3,000 men of the 3rd Brigade, 1st Air Cavalry Division, lined up on the parade field at Bien Hoa airbase last week, as a spectators' section filled with high-ranking officers from the U.S. and South Vietnamese commands. General Creighton Abrams, newly appointed U.S. Army Chief of Staff, was there; so was Military Region III Commander Lieut. General Nguyen Van Minh, who pinned the National Order of Viet Nam, fourth class, on the chest of Brigadier General James F. Hamlet, the 3rd Brigade commander. Then, while a pick-up band played slightly off key, Hamlet slowly rolled up the brigade's guidon.

Thus, with a low key ceremony, the last sizable army combat unit remaining in Viet Nam stood down last week—officially, if not entirely in fact. Though the 3rd was mustered out, one of its three battalions will remain behind. The 1st Battalion, 7th Cavalry, will form the nucleus of a force of 2,000 or more men named Task Force Garry Owen. The troops will help protect the Bien Hoa-Saigon-Long Binh area. That is basically the job of the 3rd Brigade, except that now, as the task force's commander, Lieut. Colonel Robert W. Walker Jr., put it last week, "we have more terrain and fewer men to cover it with."

NORTHERN IRELAND

Whitelaw's Peace

The Irish Republican Army's Provisional wing last week offered the cease-fire that Northern Ireland had been awaiting for three sad and bloody years. If it could secure "a public reciprocal response" from British forces in Northern Ireland, the I.R.A. said, its units were prepared to "suspend offensive operations" beginning this week. Barely two hours later came the British answer. Secretary of State for Northern Ireland William Whitelaw assured the House of Commons that the 15,000 troops in Ulster would "obviously reciprocate" if the I.R.A. called off its bombers and gunmen, to achieve what he hoped fervently was "a start to the end of violence."

After 378 deaths, 1,682 bombings and 7,258 personal injuries over the past three years, the tentative truce could of course easily be broken. Just how easily was shown at week's end. Three days before the cease-fire, three British soldiers were killed when their Jeep ran over a land mine, and a Catholic youth was shot dead by a sniper in Belfast.

Policy of Reconciliation. The Provisionals, who had called for the cease-fire only after hot debate at a secret meeting in the hills just south of the border, might not be able to control their hard-lining Belfast units. On the other side, Northern Ireland's Protestant majority viewed the cease-fire with instant suspicion, fearing that it was the result of a secret deal. Leaders of the Protestant Ulster Defense Association warned: "Now we go on the offensive. If there is any question of killers being allowed to remain at liberty, we will go in and get them."

Tenuous as it may prove to be, however, the truce represented a breakthrough for Whitelaw (see box) and a handsome return on his determined policy of conciliation. Whitelaw released more than half of the Catholics who had been interned without trial by Faulkner's government. Last week he took another conciliatory step and ordered that 80 Catholics and 40 Protestants sentenced for political crimes such as carrying arms be treated as political prisoners. That meant that they will be allowed better food, more family visits and ordinary clothes. The ruling came just in time to save some of the men from becoming martyrs; 30 of the Catholic prisoners were on a hunger strike, and one who had fasted for a month was near death.

The I.R.A.'s truce offer means that Whitelaw has won valuable time for further political initiatives. As a next move, he would like to convene a meeting on Northern Ireland's future at which all quarrelling factions would be represented. The I.R.A.'s cease-fire was obviously a bid for a voice at such a meeting, but nothing will infuriate Protestant loyalists more than the suggestion

TERENCE SPENCER



WILLIAM WHITELAW

G. PERESS—MAGNUM



PRISONERS FREED FROM INTERNMENT CAMP

The Man Who Warmed the Northern Irish

EVERYBODY likes Willie," said a friend when William Whitelaw was named Secretary of State for Northern Ireland. "Even the grottiest Irishman should warm to him in time." Big, breezy Whitelaw, who turns 54 this week, brought to his daunting task a large measure of personal charm and warmth. In the words of an admiring aide: "He radiates good will, patience, impartiality, but underneath, he's a very cunning man—it's an ideal mix." If peace is finally achieved in Northern Ireland, the credit will belong largely to the man who, as a Catholic politician recently put it, "comes across like a big Teddy bear"—and charmed the Northern Irish out of their violent ways.

They were prepared to dislike Whitelaw. "It used to be axiomatic in making postings that you never sent a nice officer to an Irish regiment," recalled an M.P. recently during a Commons debate on Ulster. Whitelaw, moreover, was a man of the Establishment who had been to Winchester and Cambridge, had soldiered with honor in the Scots Guards, and had gone on to Parliament. Little known outside the Commons, Whitelaw became the leader of the Tories' liberal wing on almost every issue from Rhodesia to labor relations. He also was influential in persuading Prime Minister Heath to institute direct rule over Ulster—a step strongly opposed by right-wing Tories and their Unionist Party allies.

Embarking on what he privately admitted was a "frightening gamble," Whitelaw set up offices in gargoyled Stormont Castle, and held an exhaustive series of meetings with everyone from Unionist politicians to Catholic house-

wives whose admiration for the I.R.A. was diminishing under the endless violence. Visitors reported that the Scots-born Whitelaw had at least one Irish trait, "the gift of the gab." He proved it two weeks ago by persuading a party of masked Protestant vigilantes to unmask and be comfortable in his office.

Warned recently that he faced imminent assassination, Whitelaw laughed off the threats. "I enjoy my golf too much to be killed," said the recent (1969-70) captain of St. Andrews' Royal and Ancient Golf Club. Nevertheless, for protection or convenience, Whitelaw customarily uses the R.A.F. for flights between Belfast and London and weekends with his wife Cecilia. He also uses military helicopters for flights around Ireland to visit troops or inspect trouble areas.

Though he had 15,000 troops to call on, the weapon that Whitelaw chose to use was persuasion. "Some of you may think that I have been making too many concessions to this or that group," he told Northern Irishmen recently, "or that I have been seeing more of some people than others; that I have listened too readily to some and not to others; but I can say I have shown that there is on all sides a real demand for peace." Even though some of the grottier Protestants still denigrate him as "Willie Whitewash," moderate Protestants accept him. His concessions to the long-suppressed Catholics have moreover raised his standing high enough that he may yet achieve one of his shorter-term ambitions: walking in peace into one of the Catholic "no-go" areas whose barricades have come to symbolize Catholic fears of British authority.

In 1918 we made the only Frigidaire refrigerator.



We still do.

When we introduced the Frigidaire refrigerator 54 years ago, everybody was happy about our invention, including the iceman's wife.

Needless to say, the iceman wasn't delirious.

We, who made the Frigidaire, became a little unhappy as years went by. Why? Because some people called just any refrigerator a Frigidaire.

We didn't think that was right, because even though many manufacturers made refrigerators, we didn't believe anybody made one with our same, high quality standards.

To this day, nobody's changed our minds. We think you'll feel the same way that we feel about

Frigidaire refrigerators when you bring one home.

We believe you will be happier with Frigidaire appliances than any others, not only when you buy them, but many, many years after they've lived with you in your home.

Antique Frigidaire refrigerators from decades ago can still be found in a number of homes. And they're not standing there as nostalgic memories.

They're working away still keeping the milk and the soda and the butter and the eggs fresh while turning out the ice cubes.

We built them to last. We still do, so that they'll always be healthy, hearty and strong members of your family.

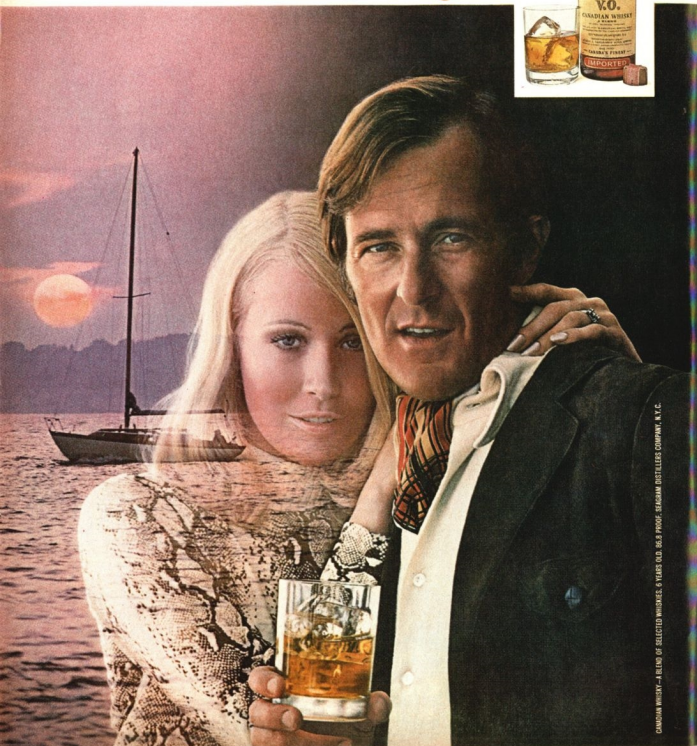


Every refrigerator is not a Frigidaire.

Seagram's V.O. For people who do everything just right.

They seem to do everything. And they do it right. Even when it comes to having a drink. It has to be Seagram's V.O. Very special. Very Canadian. Very right. Known by the company it keeps.

Seagram's **VO** Canadian



THE WORLD

that they join what one of them last week called "a compact with the Queen's enemies." Whitelaw, therefore, is in the position of a referee who has managed at last to separate the fighters—and now must bring them together again.

SOVIET UNION

A Spokesman Muffled

"Let us hope that after the President's visit there will be no more political arrests," said Soviet Historian Pyotr Yakir on the eve of Richard Nixon's arrival in Moscow for the summit meeting. "It is time to end the Middle Ages." Last week plainclothes officers of the KGB (secret police) burst into Yakir's apartment, hustled him into a black Volga sedan, and took him to Lefortovo Prison, where he faces charges of passing information to the West about dissent in the Soviet Union.

He would not deny the accusation. The bearded, volatile Yakir, 49, has been the most outspoken of dissident intellectuals and one of Western newsmen's most accessible sources. "One of our main jobs," he said last year, "is to spread news of how some Soviet citizens are standing up for their rights and defying the authorities so that others may also be emboldened." He added, almost recklessly, "The Voice of America and the BBC are our megaphones."

If Yakir's case comes to court, it will be the first known political trial since January, when Writer Vladimir Bukovsky was sentenced to twelve years imprisonment, forced labor and exile under Article 70 of the Russian Republic's criminal code ("defaming the Soviet political and social system"), the same law under which Yakir is being held. Yakir protested Bukovsky's arrest and presumably will now defend himself by arguing that the authorities themselves are violating the Soviet constitution when they suppress dissent.

Premonition of Arrest. Yakir apparently had a premonition that he would be arrested and even warned some of his contacts of the possibility. Recently he told London *Times* Correspondent David Bonavia—just before Bonavia was expelled from the U.S.S.R.—"If they beat me, I will say anything. I know that from my former experience in the camps. But you will know it will not be the real me speaking. Another thing, I shall never in any circumstances commit suicide. So you will know that if they say I have done away with myself, someone else will have done me in."

Yakir practically grew up in Stalinist concentration camps. At the age of 14, he was swept up in the mass arrests of 1937, the year his father, Major General Iona Yakir, was executed during Joseph Stalin's purge of the Red Army. Pyotr Yakir was released after 17 years and rehabilitated as part of Nikita Khrushchev's de-Stalinization cam-



SOVIET DISSIDENT PYOTR YAKIR
A shrinking circle.

paign in 1956. It is rare—and therefore especially ominous—for the Soviet authorities to re-arrest a former inmate of a Stalinist labor camp.

By muffling Yakir, the KGB has probably succeeded in further demoralizing the apparently shrinking circle of scientists, writers and scholars active in the Soviet Union's self-styled "civil rights movement." A number of prominent dissidents, mostly Jews like Yakir, have recently been pressured into emigrating (*TIME*, June 19). However, a hard core of activists is obviously determined to keep the movement alive. Physicist Andrei Sakharov, father of the Russian hydrogen bomb and a leading critic of the current regime, last week released a letter he had written to Party Chief Leonid Brezhnev, protesting the increase of "persecution for political and ideological reasons."

And on the very day that Yakir was arrested, the 25th issue of the *Chronicle of Current Events*, the Soviet equivalent of an underground press, began circulating through Moscow's *samizdat* (self-publishing) network. It was the fourth issue to appear since the Central Committee of the Communist Party ordered the *Chronicle* stopped last December.

MIDDLE EAST

Border Ambush

Escorted only by a squad of Lebanese military police, three carloads of visiting Syrian officers last week took a tour along Lebanon's border with Israel. The trip was uneventful until the tiny convoy reached Ramieh, a town eight miles inland from the Mediterranean where paved roads run parallel on both

sides of the border. There the Syrians emerged from brush and trees along the Lebanese road to a startling sight. Scarcely a hundred yards away, five Israeli tanks and three halftracks lay in ambush for them on the other road.

Swiftly the Israelis moved in. During a two-minute fight, four MPs and a Lebanese gendarme were killed and five of the seven Syrians captured. They proved a high-level bag: a brigadier general and two colonels from the army general staff and two air force intelligence officers, plus a Lebanese captain acting as their guide. They were flown off in helicopters for interrogation, and Israel said that they would be treated as prisoners of war. There were hints that they might be offered in exchange for three Israeli flyers held since 1970 as prisoners in Syria.

Almost simultaneously, Israeli jets raided Lebanon in an overreaction to two guerrilla attacks made the day before. At that time two Israeli tourists were wounded in a rocket attack inside Israeli-occupied territory, and two soldiers were hurt by a mine. Now Israeli Skyhawks, in a series of raids that continued through the week, bombed and strafed guerrilla encampments near the slopes of Mount Hermon; scores of fedayeen were reported killed. The Israelis also hit villages in the area. In a town called Hasbaya, curious villagers who rushed out of their houses at the noise became the targets; five died and 25 were wounded before the planes flew away.

IRAQ

The Price of Derring-Do

Shortly before Baghdad abruptly nationalized the Western-owned Iraq Petroleum Co. last month, Vice President Saddam Hussein Takriti, 35, flew off on a secret mission to Paris. No one knows whether Takriti, who is Iraq's boss as head of the dictatorial Baath (Renaissance) Party, actually told the French government of his plans to take over I.P.C. But he was sufficiently encouraged to return last week for a session with President Pompidou. After the meeting, Takriti announced a considerable diplomatic and commercial coup: the *Compagnie Française des Pétroles*—one of six former corporate owners of I.P.C.—will take 23% of Iraq's oil over the next ten years. Italy's government-owned energy company, E.N.I., which had been reluctant to be first to do business with Baghdad, also signed a contract for at least another 20 million tons of oil.

The double agreement was a notable stroke for Iraq, which had been threatened with the specter of a Western boycott of its newly acquired oil, and loss of oil revenues that approach \$1 billion annually. Even so, the government may still be in difficulty. The French could insist on taking oil as com-

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pensation for their investment in I.P.C., thus paying nothing for it; or they could offer payment in goods—chiefly heavy equipment—tagged with artificially high prices.

The arrangement leaves Iraq looking for customers for 60% of the oil it used to sell to the West. As the price for its derring-do in taking over I.P.C., Baghdad faces a severe cutback in its ambitious plans for agricultural and industrial development. The Baath regime has already ordered an austerity program to offset the drop in oil revenues. Foreign travel has been banned except for government officials, students or ailing citizens allowed to go abroad for treatment.

More ominously, the situation may strain an already uneasy truce between Baghdad and the dissident Kurds of the north, who claim ownership of the Kirkuk oilfield, which has been shut down ever since it was nationalized. "If there is to be a stoppage of national development, you can be sure the Kurds will be the first to feel it," said Dara Tow-

dad's Tahrir Square in grisly public hangings. Other enemies of the regime languish in a Baghdad prison that Iraqis ironically refer to as the "Palace of the End." President Ahmed Hassan Bakr, 57, the cautious army general who was installed to arbitrate between feuding Baath factions, has become a figurehead as Vice President Takriti concentrated power in his own hands. Says a Western diplomat in Baghdad: "As things stand now, Bakr has no role to play; Saddam Hussein is it."

The Baath Party's rule has reduced the legendary thousand-and-one nights capital of Haroun-al-Rashid to "a joyless city where laughter is alien and diplomats politely suspend dinner conversations when a waiter hovers within earshot," reported TIME Correspondent Gavin Scott after a visit last week. The city (pop. 2,100,000) is a dusty, sun-baked mélange of blue-domed mosques, dun-colored buildings and massive office complexes housing a growing government bureaucracy. Traffic jams are frequent as British-built double-decker

anything about it themselves. A 12,000-man Iraq expeditionary force facing Israel from Jordan was suddenly recalled two years ago because, as the foreign ministry insisted, "the U.S. Sixth Fleet was sailing around in hot Mediterranean waters. We have our own country to protect." Baghdad is 600 miles from the Mediterranean.

Meanwhile, relations are expanding outside the Arab world. Soviet Premier Aleksei Kosygin visited Baghdad two months ago to sign a friendship pact. After his visit to Paris last week, Takriti announced his ambition "to see Franco-Iraqi relations raised to the level of relations with the Soviet Union." Diplomatic relations between Baghdad and Washington were severed after the Six-Day War, and 13 months ago, Iraq confiscated the U.S. embassy to house its foreign ministry. But in September, two U.S. foreign service officers will arrive in Baghdad to take over the American-interests section of the Belgian embassy, a task that is currently being handled by one Belgian.



IRAQ'S SADDAM HUSSEIN TAKRITI CONFERRING WITH FRANCE'S POMPIDOU IN PARIS
A considerable diplomatic and commercial coup.

fik, editor of the Baghdad-based Kurdish paper *Al Ta'Khee*, last week. Besides complaining that they have been shortchanged on development funds, Kurds feel that Baghdad has cheated on the terms of their truce. Kurd Leader Mustafa Barzani worked out an agreement with Baghdad two years ago that brought Kurds into Iraq's Cabinet. But in practice, they have been given hollow jobs. To top that off, eleven people were killed not long ago in an apparent assassination attempt against the Kurd leader. Tempers are high enough that any fresh controversy over the oilfields could lead to renewed demands for an autonomous Kurdistan.

In any confrontation, the regime would likely prevail. In the four years since it seized absolute power, the Baath Party has ruthlessly consolidated its rule. One method was the execution of more than 120 potential opponents, some of whom were strung up in Bagh-

buses, government Chevrolets and even donkeys all maneuver for the five bridges that span the Tigris. To break the jams, police assess fines as high as \$320 merely for illegal parking on Saadoun Street, the city's main thoroughfare.

Once one of the Middle East's most xenophobic and insulated nations, Iraq is striving to end its role as odd man out and looking for diplomatic friends. Last March, Iraq proposed yet another Arab federation, with Syria and Egypt, but the notion was quickly rejected in Cairo. Libya was left out of Baghdad's plans at the time because its leader, Muammar Gaddafi, had objected to Iraq's growing friendship with the Soviet Union. But since then, Gaddafi has spoken up in favor of the I.P.C. nationalization, and "he is now our friend," said a foreign ministry spokesman last week. Iraqis would like to see a united Arab war of attrition against Israel, but have prudently refrained from doing

JAPAN

The Money Game

Who has the yen to succeed Eisaku Sato as Japan's Premier? The question is crucial because, in the election scheduled for next week within the powerful Liberal Democratic Party, whose president invariably becomes the next Premier, money had already begun to talk—and sometimes shriek. After Sato resigned with a farewell blast at the press—"I hate biased newspapers"—Japanese last week were counting not only the merits of the rival candidates but also the amounts of hard cash that they command.

Foreign Minister Takeo Fukuda, a financial expert who is closely aligned with Sato, reportedly went into the contest with the largest *gunshikin*, or war chest, amounting to about 1 billion yen (\$3,077,000), thanks in part to the help of the domestic oil industry. Trade Minister Kakuei Tanaka, a roughhewn construction millionaire, has a fund reputed to total about \$2,154,000.

Even the two lesser candidates, former Foreign Ministers Masayoshi Ohira and Takeo Miki, reported contributions of \$1,720,000 and \$1,520,000 for 1971 and have received hefty sums since—often from the same firms that finance the leading candidates, but like to hedge their bets.

Japan's political process is oiled in a number of ways. Besides the \$128 million in political donations publicly reported last year, there has been a recent boom in so-called "political" stocks on the Tokyo Stock Exchange. Thus an obscure stock can be grossly inflated in value while a candidate—tipped off in advance—makes a killing, with no capital gains tax to pay. Occasionally candidates have been known to obtain large

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	Operator-assisted calls	Dial-direct calls	Your discount when you "dial it yourself"
Weekends 8 a.m. to 11 p.m. Sat. and 8 a.m. to 5 p.m. Sun.	\$1.40 first 3 minutes	70¢ first 3 minutes	70¢ first 3 minutes
Evenings 5 p.m. to 11 p.m. Sun. through Fri.	\$1.40 first 3 minutes	85¢ first 3 minutes	55¢ first 3 minutes
Nights 11 p.m. to 8 a.m. daily	\$1.40 minimum call (3 minutes)	35¢* first minute (minimum call)	\$1.05 on the minimum call
Weekdays 8 a.m. to 5 p.m. Mon. through Fri.	\$1.85 first 3 minutes	\$1.35 first 3 minutes	50¢ first 3 minutes

Rates shown (plus tax) are for the days, hours and durations indicated on station-to-station calls. Rates are even less, of course, on out-of-state calls for shorter distances. Dial-it-yourself rates apply on all out-of-state dialed calls (without operator assistance) from residence and business phones anywhere in the continental U.S. (except Alaska) and on calls placed with an operator where direct dialing facilities are not available. Dial-direct rates do not apply to person-to-person, coin, hotel guest, credit card, and collect calls, and on calls charged to another number.

*One-minute-minimum calls available only at the times shown. Additional minutes are 20¢ each.



THE WORLD

loans from banks in the hope that after the election, business friends will "volunteer" to pay the money back.

The cash is needed not for television coverage, which is free, but for more or less openly buying delegate votes. Already the lavish wooing of the 478 delegates voting in next week's election is being conducted in the expensive geisha restaurants of Tokyo's Akasaka district. According to widely circulated rumors, a delegate can receive \$1,500 for merely attending one of these persuasion sessions. If he promises his support, the reward can jump to as high as \$15,000 for an ordinary delegate and \$30,000 for the leader of a faction. In some cases, the faction leader will make special payments of perhaps \$3,300—known as a *bodan chokki*, or "bulletproof vest"—to his followers, thereby enabling him to deliver their votes in a bloc to the candidate of his choice.*

Tanaka's followers originally conceded that Fukuda would have an edge on the first ballot. But their hopes were greatly bolstered last week when Yasuhiro Nakasone, head of the party's executive committee, pledged his faction's support to their man. For his part, Fukuda is receiving strong behind-the-scenes support from Sato, who despite his graceless exit from office retains considerable political clout and is devoting his last days in office to boosting the successor of his choice.

SOUTH ASIA

Summitry and Solidarity

Six months after the Indo-Pakistani war that created the new nation of Bangladesh, the two principals—India's Indira Gandhi and Pakistan's Zulfikar Ali Bhutto—will hold a long-anticipated summit meeting this week in the Indian mountain retreat of Simla, north of New Delhi. At issue between them is the question of an international boundary line in the disputed state of Kashmir, which has been about equally divided between the two countries since 1949. Mrs. Gandhi will likely propose that the cease-fire line that existed in Kashmir before the December war continue as the boundary with some adjustments to permit India to retain strategic salients captured in the struggle. For his part, Bhutto is under considerable domestic pressure to bring home the 75,000 Pakistani P.O.W.s still held by India. The two leaders will also probably discuss restoration of diplomatic relations, which were severed in December.

But affairs on the Indian subcontinent cannot be fully put in order with-

out Bangladesh's Prime Minister, Sheikh Mujibur Rahman, who has declined to attend the summit until Pakistan recognizes his country. Bhutto last week may have been preparing the way for recognition when he observed that Pakistan would become "odd man out" at the United Nations this fall if it still refuses recognition to Dacca.

Indeed, Bangladesh has not only achieved independence but is also gradually recovering from the war and showing signs of success in winning the peace. So far, there has been no widespread famine, as was feared, thanks to large grain shipments from India and the U.S. and others purchased by the United Nations. The crowded Bihari ghettos are still hotbeds of tension, but there has been no massacre of the non-Bengalis, who frequently sided with the Pakistani military during the nine-month siege last year.

Economic Stability. More than a million homes have been rebuilt, and all but a hundred or so of the 561 more important bridges in the riverine delta region have been repaired. Jute exports, the prime source of foreign exchange, have also begun to flow from the ports.

Still, it will probably be another two or three years before the new nation achieves economic stability. Many of the returning refugees from India still have no materials with which to build houses or plant crops. Rice has doubled in price. "Mujib" has announced a broad program of governmental assistance. Low-paid civil servants and employees of nationalized businesses will receive monthly cost of living allowances of \$2 to \$3.30. Small farmers who till eight acres or less will be exempt from rent arrears, interest and taxes. Mujib also raised the minimum wage from 100 takas to 150 takas (\$20) a month.

"I inherited an empty godown [warehouse]," the Prime Minister told TIME Correspondent William Stewart recently. "I am very happy about the progress my people have made, but every problem is a crisis." A big problem is the lack of skilled management personnel to help get both governmental and industrial machinery rolling again. For most of the past two decades, the best-educated Bengali civil servants were routinely sent to West Pakistan to work. Bhutto has been unwilling to allow the 400,000 Bengalis caught in the West during the war to return home.

For all the sheik's good intentions, his own party, the Awami League, has become plagued by corruption. Some officials have reportedly commandeered relief supplies, and then sold them at a profit. In one village near the Indian border, an Awami League official was beaten to death by villagers who charged that he had been smuggling rice into India. Bhutto has taken a tough stance against hoarders and racketeers, even threatening them with execution.

Perhaps inevitably in a country so deeply indebted to a powerful neighbor, there has been a marked rise in anti-

FREDERIC OWINGER—NANCY PALMER



MUJIB & MRS. GANDHI IN DACC
An empty godown.

Indian sentiment. Some Bengalis fear that they will fall into economic thrall-dom to Calcutta, and find in India a handy scapegoat for their own economic ills. Mujib lashed out at critics of India in a speech earlier this month: "India stood by us in our most difficult days. When my people were being killed and driven out of the country, these critics of India did not utter a single word against the oppressors."

Two weeks ago, the two nations agreed on a \$275 million program of Indian economic aid to develop, among other things, paper and fertilizer industries in Bangladesh to supply the Indian market. The agreement came on the heels of a military pact under which India will assist in training the Bengali armed forces. The accords were interpreted as a demonstration of solidarity between the two countries in preparation for this week's meeting—a solidarity that will shape the view both Mrs. Gandhi and Bhutto take of their Simla summit.

AVIATION

S.O.S.

Pilots called it S.O.S.—for suspension of service—and their 24-hour strike to dramatize demands for more forceful measures against hijackings brought air travel to a temporary halt in more than 30 countries last week. In Europe,

*In the 1962 elections for the party presidency, a member who took money from two candidates was called a *Nikka* in the vernacular of the day; a *Suntory* took it from three, and an *Old Parr* was a fox fellow who took it from all four. *Nikka* and *Suntory* are the brand names of Japanese whiskies. *Ni* means two, *sun* means three. Imported *Old Parr* is simply a prestigious brand.

THE WORLD

the strike was 75% effective. Swissair pilots, legally barred from taking part, were given permission by a cooperative airline management to join the protest. Rome's Leonardo da Vinci Airport, ordinarily uncontrolled bedlam, looked almost like a normal air terminal with 91 of 131 scheduled flights canceled.

Still, the walkout was not a total success. Japan, Australia and most Communist countries did not participate. Arab nations ignored the demonstration as "political." In the U.S., where the airlines obtained a last-minute court injunction against the strike, only a few pilots defied the order. The lack of American cooperation especially angered pilots on foreign carriers. "What really enraged us," said a member of the West German Pilots' Association, "was seeing Pan Am come and go chock-full of passengers."

Nonetheless, the protest stirred the U.N. Security Council to adopt a unanimous declaration calling for governments to take effective measures against hijackers. The declaration stopped short of proposing sanctions or mandatory extradition of hijackers, as demanded by the pilots. The U.S. has come out for neither action, favoring instead appropriate trial and penalty within local laws. In Montreal, however, the International Civil Aviation Organization, a specialized U.N. agency, directed its legal committee to draft a convention permitting sanctions against nations that shelter or fail to punish hijackers.

DISASTERS

A Calamitous Week

Calamities, natural and unnatural, struck almost simultaneously in Europe and Asia last week:

► Storm clouds hung low over London's Heathrow Airport when the "Eurowat Special," a British European Airways Trident jet with 118 people aboard took off for Brussels. Four minutes later, the pilot, Captain Stanley Key, 51, radioed: "Up to 60," a routine message asking for permission to climb to 6,000 ft. He never made it. Suddenly, the plane plummeted to the ground and burst into pieces near a clump of trees four miles from the airport, killing everyone aboard.

It was the worst air crash in British history. The "black box" flight recorder, retrieved after the crash, revealed that the forward "droop" flaps that produce added lift on takeoff had been retracted much too early, which may have caused the plane to go into an irreversible stall.

To comply with noise-abatement regulations, pilots must reduce power settings at a moment in flight that is potentially hazardous because the aircraft is in a nose-up attitude and still climbing. A change in droop setting at this time can cause a stall. Normally, the adjustment of the droop is made by the co-



DISTRIBUTING WATER IN CALCUTTA
Drought, death, destruction.

pilot, and Captain Key had two relatively inexperienced copilots aboard. "It could have been that whoever was adjusting the flaps pulled the wrong lever," said a senior BEA pilot.

► Only two days before, a south-bound train had entered one end of the mile-long Vierzny tunnel 60 miles north-east of Paris, at the same time as a north-bound train roared in from the other end. Unknown to either engineer, part of the tunnel's roof had fallen in. The two trains hit the rockfall, which acted like a trampoline, hurling them up to the roof at 60 m.p.h.; cars at the rear telescoped into a mass of tangled metal. Rescue workers braved the possibility that more of the darkened tunnel's roof might collapse and worked with hand-saws because of the danger of explosion of diesel fumes. They took three days to pull 90 injured passengers to safety and carry out 107 bodies. No one is sure how many corpses remain. The two trains may have carried as many as 400 passengers when they entered the tunnel.

► In Hong Kong three days of torrential rains—26 inches in all, the heaviest downpour in 83 years—triggered a series of landslides that killed at least 100 people and left another 71 missing. The highest death toll was recorded in the Kowloon quarter, across Hong Kong harbor, where slides swept away a squatters' village. Three buildings on Hong Kong's Victoria Peak, where many of the colony's most expensive residential areas are situated, were also destroyed. One twelve-story building, with all its lights burning, seemed to tilt slowly before it plunged down the hillside like an ocean liner sinking at sea. Government officials worried about a potential threat to other buildings that have been densely packed together on the hillside. Hong Kong's clay soil becomes unstable when saturated with water, and so many buildings construct-



TRIDENT CRASH SITE



RESCUERS & VIERZNY CRASH VICTIM

ed so close to each other could result, in times of record rain, in mutual instability for all.

► In India, the problem was drought. This year the monsoon rains in some areas were delayed later than at any other time in this century. A heat wave roasted 14 Indian states, killed 800 persons and directly affected another 50 million. The loss in standing crops such as sugar cane and jute was over \$400 million, and in several states famine relief measures were introduced to give work and wages to people who would otherwise starve.

The monsoon rains finally arrived in Bombay last week. But in Delhi, where temperatures hovered around 110° F., the people were still waiting for rain, as was much of India's parched northwest.

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Warning: The Surgeon General Has Determined That
Cigarette Smoking Is Dangerous to Your Health

"We discovered a new way to tour Amsterdam. It's called the Water Walk."



"No miracle to it. Just a giant plastic bag. The wind at your back. And a heck of a lot of fun. All zipped in, John and I are ready for our stroll down the Amstel River. A great way to travel — if you avoid things like boats and locks.



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"The trick of the sport is to stay on your feet and keep the bag moving. Rather like doing the tango in an enormous bowl of gelatin.



"Oops! There we go again . . . toppled by the wake of a passing barge. And much to the amusement of the Amsterdamers watching from the stern.



"Later, at the 164-year-old Klein Kalfje (Little Calf) Tavern, we toasted our adventure with Canadian Club." It seems wherever you go, C.C. welcomes you. More people appreciate its gentle manners. The pleasing way it behaves in mixed company. They admire its unmistakable character. A taste not matched by any whisky, anywhere. Canadian Club — "The Best In The House"® in 87 lands.

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Canadian Club
Imported in bottle from Canada

PEOPLE

"The woman I love" for whom Edward VIII renounced the British throne was not the only one. A forthcoming biography of the late **Duke of Windsor**, by his friend Frances Donaldson, tells the story of his long friendship with Mrs. Dudley Ward, wife of a Liberal Party whip in the House of Commons. They met in 1917, during an air raid, when Freda Ward took refuge in the cellar of a house where a noisy party was going on. She chatted in the gloom with an unknown guest in his early 20s, and after the all-clear, the hostess pressed her to join the party: "His Royal Highness is so anxious that you should do so." They danced together all night, he escorted her home, and a friendship began that lasted for 17 years. But in the spring of 1934, after several weeks of preoccupation with an ill relative, Freda called St. James's Palace, and an embarrassed operator told her: "I have orders not to put you through." **Wallis Warfield Spencer Simpson**—then married to the brother of the hostess who had introduced Freda to the Prince in 1917—had appeared on the scene.

Splitsville continues to be the country's fastest growing community. **Johnny Carson's** Joanne received her divorce (plus \$100,000 a year, an art collection and other property) when she tearfully told the judge how Johnny—after nine years, no children—was "abusive" and changed the locks on their Manhattan apartment. **Peter Fonda's** Susan filed suit for divorce after nearly eleven years and two children, claiming "irreconcilable differences" and her half of more than \$2,000,000 worth of joint property. **Andy Griffith's** Barbara also filed for divorce (23 years, two children), while California's Republican Congressman **Paul McCloskey**, onetime presidential candidate, separated from his wife Caroline after 23 years and four children. By contrast, one California marriage enjoyed a happy 32nd anniversary dinner at the White House. **Tricia and Eddie Cox** helped the President and Mrs. Nixon celebrate with Pat's favorite foods: Swiss steak, whipped potatoes, corn on the cob, cucumber salad, cornbread.

In a swirl of white feathers, a dazzle of rhinestones and a white Adolfo dress that seemed pasted to her, **Gloria Vanderbilt Cooper** outswanned them all at the Swan Ball in Nashville, Tenn. She was not there for social swimming, she explained, but for Art—an exhibit of her collages and drawings at the Tennessee Fine Arts Center. It was Gloria's fine-line slimmness, though, that caught the eye. What magic diet had brought her 5 ft. 7½ in. down to 98 lbs.? "It just happened," she told Columnist Eugenia Sheppard. "In the mornings I just drank a cup of coffee. I was working all day in my studio, so I ate a bowl



GLORIA VANDERBILT COOPER IN NASHVILLE

of Granola, one of those health cereals, with some milk. At night I had steak, vegetables and a diet pudding."

It was **Martha Mitchell** on the phone again, and this time she really knew what she was talking about. She had given **John Mitchell** "an ultimatum," she said: "Get out of politics" or she would leave him. Calling Washington U.P.I. Reporter Helen Thomas from a motel in Newport Beach, Calif., Martha spoke out in response to a question about the bugging of the Democratic national headquarters. "I'm sick and tired of the whole operation," she said, whereupon the phone seemed to have been taken from her hand. "You just get away," she was heard to say, and the operator refused to restore the connection on the grounds that "Mrs. Mitchell is indisposed." Husband John—in Washington where he is running President Nixon's re-election campaign—gamely confirmed Martha's words: "We aren't going to be in Washington after Nov. 7. We have that understanding. We're going to get out of this rat race."

Edith Irving has begun serving a two-month term for her part in **Clifford Irving's** hoax autobiography of **Howard Hughes**, but during her last hours of freedom she unburdened herself about Other Woman **Nina van Pallandt**. "She'd



JOANNE CARSON SHEDS A TEAR IN COURT



EDITH IRVING ON HER WAY TO JAIL
Losing and hating it.

better watch out that she never crosses two steps in front of me," said Edith. "She is a ruthless person" who is "only interested in money." Nina also seemed immoderately interested in Actor **Richard Harris**, whom she met on the Johnny Carson show. "He's adorable," said Nina, as she and Harris snuggled in her Manhattan hotel room. "Marriage? Oh, time will tell." Time will also tell whether Nina can act; she is just beginning a movie with **Elliott Gould**, in which she plays the wife of an author who gets into some unusual troubles.

"I am convinced," said **Jack Nicklaus** last summer, "that with the right set of golf courses, a little luck and a great deal of careful preparation, the Grand Slam can be won. Next year may be [the] year." Indeed it may, for Nicklaus has just added the U.S. Open title to his Masters victory in April. If he wins the British Open this month and the Professional Golfers' Association championship in August, the big blond better will be the first man to win golf's four major titles in one year.

THE LAW



New Curb on Bugging

Shortly after taking office, the Nixon Administration claimed the right to eavesdrop—without a judicial warrant—on anyone it chose to consider a threat to the national security. By the time the issue reached the Supreme Court, Nixon had appointed four new Justices, so the Government thought its chances of enforcing the claim seemed promising. But last week, by a vote of 8 to 0, with Justice William Rehnquist abstaining, the court declared that bugging or tapping domestic political "suspects" without a warrant is illegal. "Those charged with this investigative and prosecutorial duty should not be the sole judges of when to utilize constitutionally sensitive means in pursuing their tasks," said Justice Lewis Powell.

The Administration's failure to make a case was highlighted by the fact that Powell wrote the court's opinion. Just last year, when Powell was a lawyer in private practice, he wrote that "the outcry against wiretapping is a tempest in a teapot. Law-abiding citizens have nothing to fear." From his new vantage point on the Supreme Court, however, Powell found that the Government's electronic surveillance was not "a welcome development—even when employed with restraint."

Too Complex. The Justice Department had wanted to avoid the Fourth Amendment's rule on warrants because it uses electronic devices to gather general intelligence on various political groups, and it argued that its reasons for doing so are too "complex and subtle" for a judge to evaluate competently. Powell responded sharply: "If the threat is too subtle or complex, one may ques-

tion whether there is probable cause for surveillance... The price of lawful public dissent must not be a dread of subjection to an unchecked surveillance power."

Powell did not deal, however, with warrantless eavesdropping on foreign agents, which the Government has felt free to do ever since President Roosevelt authorized taps on suspected spies during World War II. "No doubt," said Powell, "there are cases where it will be difficult to distinguish between 'domestic' and 'foreign' activities directed against the Government. But this is not such a case."

Specifically, the case before the court involved Lawrence ("Pun") Plamondon, a member of a left-wing organization called the White Panthers, who was accused of bombing a CIA office in Ann Arbor, Mich. The Administration did not contend that any foreign government was involved, and therefore, the court ruled, there was no question that Plamondon was protected by the Fourth Amendment.

Attorney General Richard Kleindienst appeared unfazed by the court's decision. "I asked the FBI to compile a list of surveillance devices yesterday afternoon, and they should all be pulled by now," he told TIME's David Beck with the day after the decision. How many such devices were there? "Very few. You could probably count them on the fingers of both hands. We only used them where we thought there was a threat of violence. I had just authorized a couple more last week, but I'm not going to talk about any individual taps. If I say anything, they [defendants and suspects] will come in and ask for transcripts of everything we took."

No Bleeding Heart. Kleindienst was referring to a Supreme Court ruling three years ago which declared that individuals subjected to illegal eavesdrops have a right to transcripts of what has been overheard if they are to be prosecuted. Warrantless taps are known to have been used, for example, in investigations of the Chicago Seven and in the recent Berrigan case. Wherever violations are found, the Justice Department will have to either disclose the details of the eavesdropping or drop prosecution. Wouldn't it be only proper to inform anyone who has been illegally overheard? "Hell, no," said Kleindienst. "Our duty is to prosecute persons who commit crimes. We don't have to confess our sins anywhere, like some bleeding heart. We were acting in good faith."

What paths will the Administration now follow? The President at his press conference said that no legislation would be sought to eliminate the warrant requirement. Other Administration sources, however, were interested by a suggestion in the court's opinion that Congress could establish different and

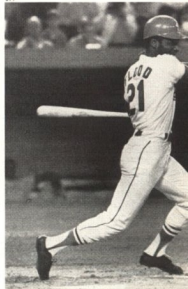
presumably easier standards for issuing warrants in security cases.

Meanwhile, according to a spokesman for Justice's Internal Security Division, "the ruling will make the division's job a little more difficult, but it certainly doesn't put it out of business." We took the position before the court that you cannot separate foreign from domestic threats, and we still believe that. It's a fine line, one that the court could only define as 'no significant connection with a foreign power.' I imagine that we will consider any real connection to be 'significant' until we're instructed otherwise."

Safe—Kind of

Baseball fans were mystified. It was rather like an umpire with one thumb hooked in the air and the other hand spread out, saying, "You probably should be out, but you're safe, I think, kind of." For the third time in 50 years the Supreme Court was considering major league baseball's exemption from the antitrust laws. In 1922 Oliver Wendell Holmes had stated for a unanimous court that baseball was not engaged in interstate commerce and therefore was not covered by antitrust regulations. Last week Justice Harry Blackmun held that baseball is, of course, engaged in interstate commerce in the modern meaning of that term, but that the court was bound by its earlier decision. The score was 5 to 3.

All the Justices agreed that Holmes' decision, which created a unique status for baseball among professional sports, was a poor one. Justice William O. Douglas, one of the dissenters, called it "a derelict in the stream of law." Said Justice Thurgood Marshall: "We do not lightly overrule our prior constructions of federal statutes, but when our errors



PLAINTIFF CURT FLOOD
The score was 5 to 3.

deny substantial federal rights ... we must admit our error and correct it." The rights involved were those of former St. Louis Cardinal Outfielder Curt Flood. He had charged that baseball's "reserve clause," which binds all players to the teams that own their contracts, prevented him from freely marketing his services.

But Blackmun and the majority clung to Holmes precedent. Said Blackmun: "There is merit in consistency, even though some might claim that beneath that consistency is a layer of inconsistency." The original ruling, he observed, had been upheld only nine years ago in a finding that "Congress had no intention of including the business of baseball within the federal antitrust laws." If any change is indicated, said Blackmun, "the remedy is for congressional, and not judicial action." Chief Justice Burger agreed and went further to urge, "It is time the Congress acted."

And so the game is not yet over. Congress, which has several baseball bills languishing in committee, may finally bestir itself to deal with the obvious inequities in the reserve-clause system. If it does not, the players seem determined to gain concessions from the owners, either through collective bargaining before the start of next season or, if necessary, a strike. If another strike is indeed called, it might well last longer than the walkout over pensions that delayed the start of the current baseball season by 13 days.

As for Flood, 34, he is now living in retirement somewhere in Europe.

Sitting on Principle

"All rise," said the clerk, calling for the traditional gesture of deference to a judge. But the defendant, Steven Stalonas, stayed put. He handed the judge a two-page letter explaining that "My intent is not to act contemptuously toward you. We are equals, you and I, created of one overriding intelligence that dictated our differences as well as ordained our common humanity. If it is to the institution of the court that you bid me rise, then I say that I cherish courts of justice in so far as they serve important human needs. I cannot cherish them in and of themselves."

Intrigued, Washington Superior Court Judge Harry Alexander spent 40 minutes discussing the issue with Stalonas, a 32-year-old Quaker who was on trial for illegally staying inside the Capitol after closing hours as part of an antiwar protest.

Finally Alexander returned to his chambers to ponder the matter. When he returned a few minutes later, his clerk intoned: "Everyone remain seated and come to order." His point made, Stalonas then cooperated during the rest of the trial, was convicted and is now awaiting sentence.

Last week, with the Stalonas case disposed of, the court clerk resumed his cry: "All rise."



Loyalist of the month:

At a party, Kermit Axel refused to drink the host's scotch because it wasn't Ballantine's. The host, offended, punched Kermit Axel in the nose. Kermit Axel sued and collected \$346,159.

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Louder!—The Need to Complain More

THE United States was founded on a complaint. It was, as the framers of the Declaration of Independence were at pains to point out, a reasonable complaint, and one that took time to ripen: "All experience hath shewn, that Mankind are more disposed to suffer, while Evils are sufferable, than to right themselves by abolishing the Forms to which they are accustomed. But when a long Train of Abuses..." That complaint got action. In fact, in an adversary proceeding that is the essence of democracy, every election poses a complaint and offers a remedy of sorts. This process of criticism is supposed to hone down, and largely has, those principles or procedures or institutions that have proved structurally sound, like towers that withstand the tempest, but need the remorseless shaping that criticism alone can provide.

Americans are, of course, still as vociferous as ever in complaining about their government; the whole antiwar protest movement is an example of that tendency. In recent years, their complaints about the private sector of the economy have received a considerable boost from the rise of consumerism in the U.S. Consumer Crusader Ralph Nader has successfully taken on big targets—the auto companies, food industry, etc.—that have long seemed impervious to the complaints of individuals. The institution of the ombudsman, long familiar in Europe, has begun to crop up in the U.S. to represent the interests of beleaguered citizens in contention with government bureaucracy. In many U.S. cities, radio and TV stations have set up special sections to deal with audience complaints about everything from landlords to late Social Security checks.

But the very fact that the common complainer feels the need for a champion is a demonstration that he feels ineffectual as an individual. When he feels like griping, the average American faces an adversary that the framers of the Constitution did not envision. It is the burgeoning mass society, a creature with a remorseless, faceless, self-declared efficiency that intimidates many Americans and renders them silent when they should be talking louder. Too many people still doubt that complaining will do any good. Those ultimately responsible for this state of affairs seem baffling and remote. Is anybody listening when an individual—as distinct from a powerful, publicity-seeking group like Nader's—seeks to air his grievances?

Department stores, city governments and auto companies all have complaint bureaus, but they are too often designed to blunt the complainer's anger, calm him down and send him away with a vague sense that he has made himself heard. In the vast distribution system, redress is lost in the ever-receding levels of responsibility. The salesgirl shrugs and says: "I just work here." A car owner takes his new-model, newly purchased car back to his dealer to complain that, say, the trunk lid no longer latches shut when slammed down. The dealer cannot fix it; it is a manufacturing defect. Is it worth the bother of writing to the Detroit manufacturer, which may or may not give satisfaction? Too often, the car owner curses, slams the lid eight times for every time it latches, and resigns himself.

Then there are the woes of city living. When the hot water goes off for the umpteenth time, the landlord's answering service (no one gets to speak to the landlord) explains smoothly: "We are working on it." A week later, the hot water fails again. The roar of garbage trucks and the clangor of manhandled galvanized garbage cans wake whole city blocks at dawn. An unidentifiable smokestack spews smoke into your bedroom window at erratic intervals. Whom to complain to? There is a bureau (whose phone number can be determined with some effort), and it promises action, even while pleading that it has only a limited number of inspectors. No doubt they try, but in most cases nothing happens,

and the chimney smokes on. Better in the country? Try to get the license number of the snowmobiler who roars through your back pasture, or the motorcycling gang that snarls through a quiet country lane with many a boisterous shout.

Perhaps one of the most pressing—and frequent—struggles is man's battle against demented computers, which relentlessly ask questions that have already been answered, demand payments that have already been made and, in their vast mechanical judgment, may have already ruined your credit rating forever. The skilled complainer suggests that all you have to do is produce your records, get them copied, send them in to the computer's controller, and all will be well—but who wants to keep that kind of record? "Nobody was ever meant/ To remember or invent/ What he did with every cent," Poet Robert Frost once pointed out.

As if it were not enough to be bullied by the monstrous economy he has helped build, the American is also bullied by those who are paid to serve him. Hamlet complained of the insolence of office. Americans, in another time and in another country, can justifiably complain of the insolence of service. That insolence is real enough—the waiter who slaps down the silverware with a loud clatter, the indifferent salesclerk who chatters with a friend while customers fidget, the taxi driver who demands that riders refrain from smoking because he suffers from asthma (or, the cab driver who insists on smoking when the passenger suffers from asthma).

The average American endures these affronts in aggrieved silence. Why? Because he knows that the waiter/clerk/driver hates his job, is studying at night school to become a lawyer, doctor, priest. Or at most he is working only in order to put his son/daughter through college. As an upwardly mobile society, the U.S. has no tradition of menial service jobs well done. There are no Jeeves in U.S. folklore. And in the back of his mind, even while he suffers their affronts and dis-



DRAWING BY GEO PRICE

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"As far as the management of this store is concerned, Madam, yours is a voice crying in the wilderness."

courtesies, the American knows that he too would hate that job, that the worker hates him because he is the man with the money, and is thinking, some day I will be sitting where he is. As a believer in the U.S. as the land of opportunity, the American cannot easily dispute that view.

The only solution to the affronts handed the citizen by manufacturers, service industries, government bodies—and, yes, neighbors—is for more Americans to complain more loudly. One complainer can easily be dismissed as a crank or a fuss-budget, but the power of the complaint grows mightily with numbers. The burgeoning consumer organizations have discovered that millions of Americans want desperately to complain, but have kept silent out of either fear of re-buff or a sense of futility. The organizations have given the citizen the happy feeling that he has found a sympathetic ear and also relieved him of the awkward burden of having to make himself individually conspicuous.

That such organizations tapped a sadly stifled need is evident. Ralph Nader has received millions of letters since he set himself up as the consumer's champion. When the city of Los Angeles created a Bureau of Consumer Affairs early this year, it was inundated with 7,000 complaints in its first month. "I think that people always had complaints," explained Administrator Michael Koire. "It's just that they didn't know where to take them. Somebody would tell them to sue, they'd add up their lawyer's fees and court costs and the time it would take, and they'd just forget it. Now, if we get enough complaints about one outfit, we'll get the district attorney or the Los Angeles police in on it."

In recent years, five states—Hawaii, Nebraska, Iowa, Oregon and South Carolina—have established ombudsmen offices to field citizens' complaints. A whole new category of "class" actions has become popular, as citizens go to court to sue federal, state or local governments, frequently to prevent them from despoiling the environment. Call for Action, an organization founded in New York, has put out a book indexing what number to dial for what complaint, ranging from noisy jackhammers to flooded basements (it runs to 134 pages). By happy chance, the group's founder, Mrs. Ellen Straus, is the wife of the owner of a local radio station (WMCA) and gets added clout by airing the group's most poignant complaints on her husband's radio station. The essence of the group's service is that it follows up on a complaint, calls back the city department concerned to see if anything has been done. Says Mrs. Straus: "If the complaint hasn't been taken care of, we can harass the agency involved more effectively than the complainer." Call for Action now operates through local radio and TV stations in 48 cities across the U.S.

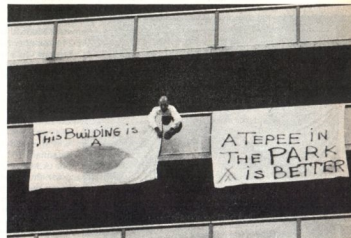
In Boston, an outfit called Infact Systems Inc. has put out a paperback "complaint kit" with tear-out forms declaring that this is my second complaint, then THIS IS MY APPEAL TO A THIRD PARTY. Another booklet, published in New York, lists the presidents of a wide range of companies, with their addresses, to whom the complainer is advised to address his complaint (the theory being that the complainer gets more action if he goes right to the top). But in this day of the form reply, that advice can be dubious. One unhappy patron who discovered bedbugs in his hotel bed and complained bitterly in writing to the company received a mollifying reply to which had been attached, accidentally, a scribbled note from some executive to his secretary that said: "Alice, send this guy the bedbug letter."

Most of all, complainers as individuals should not lose heart. They should learn to suppress that feeling of embarrassment, the worry about what other people will think of them. If the neighbors are playing their radio at a level that suggests that they are deaf, pound on the wall. Or ring their doorbell and expostulate in calm, well-reasoned tones. If a bargain gadget advertised for sale turns out to be not as advertised, arm yourself with the advertisement and demand redress. Faced with an outrageous bill for a crankcase repair, demand to see the "flatrate manual" used in the trade to standardize prices for parts and the mechanic's estimated time per job. If a taxi driver or a waiter is obnoxious, do not just give him a meager tip—give him none at all. If you are el-

bowed aside by some pushy character in a queue or at a counter, ask his name—it has a surprisingly sobering effect on aggressiveness. If a merry crew of jokesters and shouters make it impossible to sleep on an overnight flight, call the stewardess, and if that doesn't work, call her again, and again, and again.

Even though Americans are uneasily aware that by demanding their rights they may be discommoding other people (an overbooked hotel can only make room by evicting some other tenant, an overbooked airline by bumping some other passenger), they should complain anyway. It may not do any good this time, but maybe next time the airline/hotel will stop overbooking. There is probably no need to resort to such dramatic ploys as that of one airplane pilot who, informed by a Paris hotel that his long-booked room was not available, stripped to his underwear and lay down on a lobby sofa until the hotel management capitulated.

In fact, complaining is enhanced by a touch of imagination. The late Saul Alinsky was a master of the technique. He had his minions dump garbage on the driveway of a Chicago alderman who had refused to support improved sani-



HELPI TENANT OF 210 CENTRAL PARK SOUTH PROTESTS

tation in the northwest district and deposited dead rats on the step of Chicago city hall to dramatize the infestation of the Woodlawn neighborhood. One Eddie Campos, a plasterer from Whittier, Calif. (Nixon's home town), bought himself a \$10,300 Lincoln. The ignition fell out, the air conditioning failed, the front end waggled. One day Campos took the Lincoln to the front lawn of the Ford plant in Los Angeles, set it to the torch and planted a potted lemon tree atop the charred wreck. Tenants at 210 Central Park South, about as elegant an address as one could aspire to in Manhattan, have been feeling abused ever since they moved in 33 years ago. Last month, frustrated by constant evasions by the building's management, the tenants draped their balconies overlooking Central Park with bed sheets inscribed with pictures of lemons and legends of protest. A TEPEE IN THE PARK IS BETTER, was one. Another proclaimed: \$8,500 PER YEAR. NO HOT WATER. NO AIR CONDITIONING. NO HEAT.

Complaining can be fun, and it releases bile, which can sour the mind and the times if repressed. Above all, complaining may be important to the American spirit. The republic was founded on the principle that the common man can be heard. Lack of faith in complaint has something to do with loss of faith in justice under law, in equal treatment for the faceless man. To give up on complaint is to give in to the feeling that the distant and impersonal state or corporation has taken away a bit of the American Dream. Every complaining man or woman is reasserting that value—the refusal to accept what is given from above, a reassertion that the common man has his rights, and all else is only to serve him. It is a—perhaps the—democratic boast: I will not be cowed.

■ A.T. Baker

Besieged Fort

"The state of mind of most physicians today is one of profound disquiet." With these somber words, Dr. Charles A. Hoffman took office last week in San Francisco as the 127th president of the American Medical Association, long a monolithic organization with an extraordinary success record in defending the rights and privileges of physicians. Now many private practitioners see themselves threatened from all sides, and in his inaugural address Hoffman sounded like a man assuming command of a besieged fort.

"Almost daily," he said, "there are

MICHAEL ALEXANDER



A.M.A.'S PRESIDENT HOFFMAN
Peers yes, outsiders no.

new infringements on the way we practice, intrusions by government and by other third parties. Almost daily there are attacks on our methods of practice, on our methods of payment, even on our motives and life-styles. And always there hangs over us the looming specter of a massive government health program."

As if these assaults from without were not enough, there are also defections and dissensions within the ranks. The A.M.A. lost 11,000 active dues-paying members in 1971, leaving it with 156,199, or 62% of the 253,000 eligible doctors. An estimated 10,000 physicians, perhaps half of them A.M.A. members, have done something that used to be unthinkable: they have formed unions (though many are called guilds or associations) for collective bargaining with hospitals and other employers.

Beleaguered though it appeared, the A.M.A. was in no mood for a radical in-

ternal overhaul. Last November, then-President Wesley Hall proposed that the A.M.A. draft an entirely new constitution. Despite speculation that the issue would at least be debated last week, it was barely mentioned. Instead, the hierarchy and the house of delegates administered verbal tranquilizers to those on both sides of several questions. While there was vocal opposition, for instance, to doctors' unions, which Hoffman thought would be improper, the delegates deferred taking any formal position on them.

Steps were taken to placate the younger physicians, interns and residents, who previously had not even been eligible for membership. This year, Dr. Eugene S. Ogrod, 27, a resident at Sacramento Medical Center, took a seat in the 241-member house of delegates.

Truism. In a marked softening of previous attitudes, the convention adopted a resolution, paralleling the recommendations of the National Commission on Marihuana and Drug Abuse, urging that felony penalties for the possession of "insignificant" quantities of pot be abandoned. In professional tones, the A.M.A. urged further scientific studies of cannabis.

The A.M.A., said Hoffman, sees no place for the consumer in its councils. However, the delegates last week voted to create an 18-member committee that will supervise graduate medical education, with one seat going to the Federal Government and one to a representative of the "general public." That move had been under study for six years.

A more important issue of public participation met heavier going. The A.M.A. insists that only doctors are entitled to check on other doctors' performance, and it took a long time to accept this "peer review," even in regard to such matters as the necessity for surgery. The next stage, peer review of fees and methods of payment, was up for consideration last week. But the issue was complicated by Utah Senator Wallace Bennett's proposal in Congress that "professional standards review organizations" be established to oversee the practice of medicine. Bennett would admit laymen to membership on these P.S.R.O.s. This was clearly anathema to the delegates, and they adopted an A.M.A. council report that roundly denounced P.S.R.O.s. Other questions of peer review were referred back to the council for more study.

Despite the pressures and criticisms, the A.M.A. obviously intends to move only with extreme caution. Dr. Russell Roth, the president-elect who will take office next summer, explained: "The A.M.A. will never please all its members. It will always be too liberal for some, too conservative for others." That truism could be a perfect excuse for severely limiting change in any direction.

Among the research findings reported by the A.M.A. last week:

► One of the most rewarding medical advances of the 1950s was the finding that heart damage from rheumatic fever could usually be averted if repeated attacks of strep throat were prevented by long-term use of penicillin. A particular type of streptococcus sets up a reaction that attacks the heart's muscle and especially its valves. That, said Tulane University's Dr. George Burch, seems to be only part of the story. Viruses, a thousand times smaller than strep bacilli, are also involved, and in heart disease they may be more important. Burch had been puzzled because many patients with damaged valves had no history of rheumatic fever. He knew that many viruses may attack the heart, and that some of them cause infections that seem relatively mild at the time. The cardiologist chose a virus called Cocksackie B4 for his tests and injected it into thousands of mice. Virtually all suffered heart injury and damage to the pancreas, and some had injury to the kidneys. To test his thesis in humans, Burch took blood from autopsy subjects who had damaged heart valves but no history of rheumatic fever. In many cases he found evidence of a long-ago B4 infection. How viruses and strep bacteria, together or separately, work to harm the heart is not yet clear. But if B4 proves to be the principal culprit, Burch foresees the possibility of developing a vaccine against it.

► Devotees of the Afro coiffure are splitting hairs. Teasing and picking any hair is damaging, said Dr. Algie C. Brown of Atlanta; it causes the shafts to fracture and encourages infections. The hair of blacks is especially vulnerable if it has previously been treated with chemicals or hot combs to straighten it. To Dermatologist Brown the condition is trichorrhexis nodosa; to the Afro cultivator, this means that he is losing his hair. Brown's prescription: a natural, unteased Afro.

► Of the many diseases that are apt to erupt in recruit camps when thousands of young men from diverse backgrounds are thrown together, one of the deadliest is Type C virulent meningitis. The fatality rate is high, and death may occur within a few hours after appearance of the first symptoms. Even victims who recover may suffer permanent deafness or brain damage. Now, reported Lieut. Colonel Phillip E. Winter, the Army has a highly effective vaccine, which was developed by the Walter Reed Army Institute of Research. In the 1970-71 respiratory-disease season, when the vaccine was used only after epidemics had broken out, the Army recorded 124 cases of Type C, with eight deaths. In the 1971-72 season the vaccine was given routinely, and there have been just eleven cases, with one death. Only one man who had been vaccinated contracted the illness.

Mao, the Chinese Freud?

When the young Chinese woman heard a mysterious voice asking, "What's under your pillow?" she felt sure that the answer was a "biological radio apparatus" put there by a special agent who suspected her of crimes against the state. She grew agitated, her head ached, and she began to hear loud speeches emanating from an unseen source. Then she became a patient in the psychiatric section of the Third Teaching Hospital in Peking. Before long her headaches disappeared. She recognized that her idea of being spied upon was "ridiculous," realized that she had been hallucinating, and expressed confidence that the voices she heard would eventually go away.

The woman's aberrations and the progress she is making toward recovery typify both the kind of mental illness found in China and the apparent success of Chinese treatment methods. That is the conclusion of Physician Victor Sidel, chief of the department of social medicine at New York's Montefiore Hospital, and his wife Ruth, a psychiatric social worker, who toured hospitals in mainland China for a month last fall. Writing in a recent issue of *Social Policy*, the Sidels describe the Chinese approach as a blend of both old and new. "The watchword of the entire enterprise," they say, is Mao's exhortation, "Let us heal the wounded and rescue the dead." Its framework is "a powerful community mental health design" not unlike what some American experts advocate for the U.S.

To Arm the Mind. Much of this effort is directed toward treating schizophrenia, which is the diagnosis in more than half of all China's psychiatric cases; paranoid forms of the disorder are especially common.

Chinese psychiatrists treat the ailment in a spirit of optimism, emphasizing persuasion rather than force. Involuntary commitment, for example, is rare. Instead, family and friends convince patients that they need help and gently urge them to enter a hospital.

Once committed, the patient may be treated with chlorpromazine, a powerful tranquilizer that is widely used in U.S. mental institutions. Chinese psychiatrists also use acupuncture experimentally "for relief of excitement."

The focus of treatment, however, is psychological, not physical. That treatment is based neither on Pavlov nor on Freud, whose theories have had no influence in China since the People's Republic was established in 1949. Instead, both psychiatrists and their patients study the popular slogans and the philosophical essays of Mao "to arm the mind to fight disease." The idea is to use Mao's thought to separate fact from fantasy, and to concentrate on the pres-

ent rather than the past, the intellectual rather than the emotional.

Both individual and collective techniques are used. In "heart-to-heart talks" with their psychiatrists, patients are encouraged to analyze their symptoms in the light of Mao-thought and to "struggle against their disease" as if it were an external enemy. Though self-reliance is encouraged, patients get warm support from everyone around them. From the moment they enter the hospital, they are paired off with other patients in a buddy system; partially recovered patients help the more disturbed new arrivals. In addition, there are frequent group sessions, led by psychiatrists, in which patients "investigate" their problems together.

The collective approach continues when the patient leaves the hospital. "The Chinese try to bring the resources of the entire community into play," the Sidels write. Family, neighbors and fellow workers are expected to take an interest in every discharged patient and help him make the transition from hospital to home. As a result, the country seems to have eliminated most of the social consequences of mental illness. There is little stigma attached to it, and the patient does not lose his place in society. For one thing, he escapes the unemployment problems that plague recovered mental patients in the West. He is paid even while he is ill, and either gets his old job back or is given a similar but less demanding one.

Though schizophrenics in the U.S. often spend most of their lives in institutions, those in China are hospitalized an average of only 70 days. Moreover, the Chinese report that only one out of five recovered schizophrenics needs to be rehospitalized.

The Sidels admit that they do not know what to make of this and concede that the impressive figures may be wrong. Perhaps the Chinese are more tolerant of unusual behavior than Westerners and are therefore slower to send patients to hospitals. On the other hand, the Chinese system may really work better than any in the West.

Down with Kids

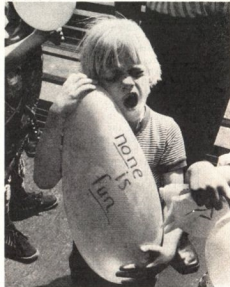
"None is fun." That is the slogan of the National Organization for Non-Parents (NON), a new association formed to promote "childfree" marriage and make non-parenthood "not just a word but an option." The non-parents' group is still small—only 400—but it hopes to grow. All of the members, even the parents among them, are committed to childlessness as a way of creating "social space." That means "a combination of time, money and energy" that can be used to conserve planetary resources, beat the high cost of living and free husbands and wives for

political activism and the pursuit of free life-styles.

To help establish childlessness as an institution, NON has decreed two new holidays, Non-Mother's Day and Non-Father's Day. On these days, favorite non-parents are to be honored with flowers and cigars. The organization has begun to publish a rather juvenile newsletter, *Non-Sense*, which, for example, recently charged that the March issue of *Pageant* "exceeded the bounds of all decency in extolling the virtues of motherhood." One member, Ellen Peck, has written a book that disparages motherhood mostly because it gets in the way of the glamour of a free life.

Despite its frequently childish espousal of childlessness, NON makes some valid points. It observes that the cultural bias against childless couples

RALPH CRANE—LIFE



CHILD PROTESTING AGAINST PARENTHOOD
A gift on Non-Father's Day.

is so strong that husbands and wives cannot choose non-parenthood freely; they know they will be branded selfish, shallow and neurotic. In fact, the organization stresses, motives for parenthood are not always what they seem. Some parents use children, like drugs, to shield them from the realities of life. Others want offspring only to fulfill their own frustrated hopes, to have someone to possess and control, or to ensure financial support in their old age.

NON does not advocate that everyone be childless. It recommends a maximum of one child for couples who really want youngsters, and no babies at all before age 21. According to Washington Psychiatrist E. James Lieberman, a member of NON's executive committee, there are good psychological reasons for practicing that restraint. "Our society thrusts people into parenthood prematurely," he says. "The best preventive psychiatry is becoming a parent at the proper time and for the right reasons."

MONEY

A New System's Big Test

THE international agreement last December that devalued the dollar and established a new set of exchange rates for major currencies was delicately balanced. It stipulated not only what the dollar was worth in terms of other currencies, but how many German marks a Dutch guilder would buy, how many Japanese yen a French franc would equal, and so on. It was inevitable that sooner or later doubts about the value of at least one of these currencies would put the system to a severe test. The test came last week, when an explosion of currency speculation left the whole network of rates badly shaken, and money-men scurried to shore it up.

The trouble started with the British pound, which had been weakened by rampant inflation. Denis Healey, financial spokesman for the Labor Party, predicted in a speech in Parliament early last week that the Tory government would devalue the pound in July or August. Currency speculators—mostly commercial bankers and treasurers of multinational corporations—took Healey's forecast as confirmation of their worst fears and began to unload pounds. On a single day, Thursday, about \$1.2 billion worth of pounds were sold by speculators. In order to keep the pound's price in other currencies from dropping too sharply, European central banks had to pay out some \$2.5 billion.

By Friday morning the government of Prime Minister Edward Heath had had enough. Rather than continue using up its foreign currency reserves, it

announced that it would let the pound temporarily "float"—that is, trade on international exchanges at any price set by supply and demand. That move in effect devalued the pound, and it quickly sank as low as \$2.46 in New York City. The drop canceled two-thirds of the increase in the pound's dollar value, from \$2.40 to \$2.6057, that was agreed upon in Washington, D.C., in last December's realignment of currencies, called the Smithsonian agreement.

Halting Trading. Far from calming the markets, the British move set off a stampede of speculation that within hours forced currency markets in Europe and Japan to slam shut their exchange windows; they were not scheduled to open again until Tuesday of this week. The dollar, which most money traders consider to be the weakest currency after the pound because of the gigantic U.S. balance of payments deficit, quickly came under attack. The West German Bundesbank had to buy almost \$900 million in 90 frenzied minutes Friday morning before officials finally halted trading. In Switzerland, monetary authorities decided not to buy dollars to hold up the price, letting the dollar float down against the Swiss franc. As the situation worsened, French Finance Minister Valéry Giscard d'Estaing conferred with President Georges Pompidou and then announced that Common Market central bankers would meet in emergency session in Paris over the weekend to consider what to do.

U.S. officials were stunned by the crisis, and unable to suggest any method of coping with it. The Common Market countries faced two alternatives, neither pleasant for the U.S. The first would be a unified float of all the major European currencies against the dollar, a course favored by officials of Belgium, The Netherlands and Luxembourg. While floating against the dollar, the European currencies' exchange rates against each other would be held steady. That might indeed calm speculation. But it would be a step toward dividing the world into potentially hostile monetary blocs—specifically the U.S. v. Europe—that American Treasury officials have long feared. And since not all European finance ministers want a unified float anyway, that move did not appear likely.

Alternatively, the European governments could clamp tighter controls on currency exchanges and capital movements, mostly in an attempt to keep out dollars, which Common Market countries hold far in excess of their needs. That step is favored by France's Giscard, a vehement opponent of currency floatations. This might quiet the markets, but it would constitute a partial reversal of the post-World War II trend toward freer movement of goods and money across national borders. Some combination of floats and controls is also possible.

In any case, it will take time to restore confidence in the system of exchange rates established by the Smithsonian agreement. For months, serious private discussion in Europe has focused on the pound as the weakest link in the system. There have been widespread predictions that the pound would have to be devalued by the time



LABORITE DENIS HEALEY

When the test came, there was a stampede of speculation and the snake got out of the tunnel.



FINANCE MINISTER GISCARD TALKING TO REPORTERS IN PARIS

Britain joined the Common Market on Jan. 1. Such talk spread gasoline on the floor of world currency markets, and Labor's Healey tossed a lighted match on it with his devaluation forecast.

Healey was not just being irresponsible. Britain's currency-weakening inflation pace in April got up to an annual rate of 12%. When Britain enters the Common Market, it will have to worsen its financial position by reducing protective tariffs and contributing hundreds of millions of pounds annually to Common Market programs.

European bankers predict that the pound will float down to somewhere between \$2.40 and \$2.50, after which the British government will make official that *de facto* devaluation. Whether that will stabilize the world financial system a while longer remains to be seen. The most discouraging thing about the panic last week was that safety devices built up in the past six months collapsed promptly when put to the test.

The Smithsonian agreement permitted currencies to fluctuate by 21% above or below their official values, establishing what was supposed to be a "wider band" to help absorb speculation. Yet last week the dollar broke through the lower end of its band within hours after currency traders started dumping large amounts of it on the money exchanges. The European Common Market countries, joined by Britain, recently signed an agreement in order to hold their moneys to very narrow fluctuations against each other. The pact was called the "snake in the tunnel" agreement, because the currencies would have very little room to move. That did not help the pound; in effect the snake got out of the tunnel with its first wiggle. Money men may be able to put together measures to hold the Smithsonian system in place a while longer. But last week's crisis underlined once again the urgency of long-term reform of a global financial system that is still quite shaky.

PHASE II

Trouble on the Hoof

The Nixon Administration has suddenly been forced to consider making yet another fast economic about-face, this time in response to the rapidly rising price of meat. The Government had refused to impose strict price controls on raw agricultural products even during last year's freeze. Last week, though, the President's Cost of Living Council (COLC) got a warning that rising meat prices, especially of beef, could by themselves foil Nixon's desire to lower the inflation rate to 3% by year's end. The bearer of those bad tidings was C. Jackson Grayson, chairman of the Price Commission, who, in a memo, urged the Administration seriously to consider putting meat on the hoof under price regulation. His concern,



EXAMINING PRICES AT SUPERMARKET MEAT COUNTER IN WASHINGTON
Shoppers beef while cattlemen steer toward new peaks.

though not his conclusion, was echoed by Herbert Stein, chairman of the President's Council of Economic Advisers. Says Stein: "The most immediate cloud over prices is named food, or more precisely meat."

The President himself still seemed reluctant to attempt regulation of any food prices at the farm level. During an informal session with newsmen, he reiterated previously expressed fears that such controls, including meat-price ceilings, would lead to black markets. As a guide to the current "direction of my thinking," Nixon suggested that "a temporary lifting of the quotas on imported meat" might increase the supply, and thus drive down prices. That plan would doubtless pose the fewest political problems for the Administration, but Nixon himself admitted that there is currently a world shortage of meat. A lowering of quotas thus might have little effect on domestic supplies. The President carefully left the door open for much more drastic action, like controls on wholesale meat prices.

Ironically, the latest crunch on meat prices came only a day after the consumer price index for May showed that at retail they had fallen .7% below April. However, since it was based on a survey taken in the first week of May, the report was obsolete before it was issued. Over the past several weeks, wholesale beef prices have literally broken through the graph used to record their ups and downs by the Agriculture Department, and these increases are now pushing through to retail meat counters.

Agriculture economists are somewhat baffled. They point out that on-the-hoof prices for pork, which is beginning the normal seasonal upswing in production, are easing just about on target. Yet prices for beef, which is also in

a higher production period, are reacting entirely differently. The reason, apparently, is that cattlemen are convinced that demand—fueled by rising incomes, growing confidence in the economy and the food-stamp program, among other things—will increase further, driving prices above their already record levels. They are thus keeping unusually large numbers of steers in feed lots and on farms, waiting for a yet-unreached market peak. Agriculture Secretary Earl Butz is encouraging this game by conducting a campaign against "cheap-food advocates" that borders on rabble-rousing.

New Outcries. The Price Commission can only recommend farm-price controls, but there are less drastic steps that it could take on its own, and members listed some in a private memo. For example, the commission could step up surveillance of supermarket profit margins, try harder to detect possible attempts to sell low-quality meat at premium prices, and insist that stores post more detailed price lists. As a last-ditch measure, the commission could clamp a temporary freeze on retail meat prices, hoping that store owners would then exert anti-inflationary pressure on their supply lines to the farmers.

But Grayson seems to doubt that any of these steps would be sufficient. In his memo to the COLC, he said that profit margins of processors and retailers whose prices are now regulated "appear to be lower than normal"—indicating that that is not the place to try exerting a squeeze. In short, the problem lies squarely with the uncontrolled raw-food prices. As retail prices continue to reflect wholesale increases, the nation's consumers are certain to begin raising new outcries for action—cries that the Administration may find it hard to ignore as Election Day nears.



PINTOS AT FORD AGENCY IN ENCINO, CALIF.



VEGAS IN SHOWROOM OF CHEVROLET AGENCY IN MANHATTAN

BUSINESS

AUTOS

The "Blue Denim" Boom

WHEN President Nixon announced his New Economic Policy last August, he made Detroit the hub of his recovery program. The Government eliminated the federal excise tax on U.S.-made cars, saving buyers an average of \$200 an auto, and effectively wiped out the price advantage that foreign autos had enjoyed in American showrooms—first by slapping a surcharge on imports, later by campaigning successfully for revaluation of the German mark and Japanese yen. Since last fall the strategy has been paying off. Sales of imported cars so far this year have slumped to 14.5% of the total, down a percentage point from 1971; Volkswagen volume is off 23%. But sales of American-made cars are speeding up so sharply that some automen believe that the total this year could whiz to close to 11 million vehicles, v. 10.2 million last year. The auto spurt has helped to push overall U.S. retail sales about 10% ahead of a year ago.

More surprising than the figures has been a drastic change in the mix of cars bought. Traditionally, medium-priced, standard-sized cars, such as the Chevrolet Impala or Ford Galaxie, have been most popular. This year, drivers are switching en masse to the three smallest and least expensive lines: the intermediates, compacts and subcompacts. Last month, for the first time, these cars accounted for a full 50% of all cars sold in the U.S.

The so-called minicars—Vega, Pinto, and Gremlin—in turn are leading

Detroit's selling spree. American Motors' Gremlin is in short supply, forcing some customers to wait an extra five weeks for delivery. For the past two months, production of the Vega at Chevy's recently struck Lordstown, Ohio, plant has been at a peak level of 101 cars an hour. Ford's Pinto is the speediest seller of all: 175,000 in the first five months of 1972 v. 131,000 in the same period of 1971. Pinto benefited especially from the introduction early this year of a mini-station wagon that resembles Ford's successful full-sized Country Squire. One auto industry wit unsuccessfully suggested to Ford executives that the Pinto wagon be named the "Country Squirt."

New Model T. The small-car surge has at last convinced automen of an idea they long resisted: that the U.S. motorist is buying a functional car mostly for transportation rather than status, and will no longer automatically buy a larger and larger car as his salary rises. Chrysler Vice President Robert McCurdy sees a "blue denim society" developing among drivers, and adds: "The fact that 80% of all the small cars are two-doors shows the demand for personal transportation." Detroit has adopted this theme in its marketing. Ford touts the Pinto as a "new Model T," presumably to suggest economy and durability. American Motors is even offering optional blue denim upholstery on its 1973 Gremlins, complete with Levi-like copper rivets instead of tufted buttons.

The blue denim society has not totally triumphed yet, however—and auto profits are benefiting because it has not. Enough status-conscious buyers remain to boost sales of luxury cars, such as Cadillacs and Imperials, to record levels. Even minicar purchasers, while shunning big-car prestige, are choosing comfort and convenience along with transportation. Although prices of stripped-down minicars cluster around \$2,000, the average price of those sold is considerably higher because motorists are selecting fancy options. Roughly 81% of the cars sold today contain power steering; 63% have factory-built air conditioning; 58% come with vinyl tops; and 3.6% have stereo tape players.

Prices will go still higher for the 1973 and future model years, because of federal regulations governing auto safety and pollution from exhaust fumes. Chrysler alone has announced increases ranging from \$14 to \$120 on 1973 cars to cover new ignition design and larger standard engines. These price increases average \$8.38 across Chrysler's entire car line, within the 4.5% average price increase approved by the Price Commission on the 1972 model cars.

Industry estimates are that by 1975 pollution and safety requirements will add at least \$750 to the price of an average car. General Motors Chairman Richard Gerstenberg, for one, wonders "whether the car-buying public is willing to pay a lot of money for a little extra protection." That is a worry for the future, however. Right now, automakers are discovering, somewhat to their own surprise, that they can make luxuriously high profits even in a blue denim market.

CONGLOMERATES

Litton's Sad Litany

Only half a year ago, Roy Ash, president of California's Litton Industries, sounded like a man who had seen light at the end of a tunnel. Profits of the troubled conglomerate in 1972, he confidently predicted, would increase substantially over their lackluster showing of \$50 million in 1971, and one reason for the gain would be Litton's \$130 million shipyard in Pascagoula, Miss. Ash calls the ultramodern facility, opened about two years ago, "a national asset that will make U.S. shipbuilding competitive in world markets."

In the months since then, Litton's light has dimmed considerably. The company lost money during two quarters of its 1972 fiscal year, and will close the books later this month with what Ash now calls only a "small profit." The trouble stems in large part from the Pascagoula yard, which has produced a small armada of labor problems, construction delays, cost overruns—but so far very few ships.

Litton's biggest headache is a \$752 million order for U.S. Navy general-purpose amphibious assault vessels called LHAs (for Landing Helicopter Assault ships). After the company fell 18 months behind in construction, the Navy slashed the order from nine ships to five. Navy brass caused some of the delay and increased costs by ordering changes in the design. As a result, under the terms of its agreement, the Navy may owe more for the five LHAs it will get than it had planned to spend for all nine. The two parties are currently renegotiating the contract.

Cost estimates are also spiraling upward on a \$2.1 billion Navy order for 30 Spruance-class DD-963 destroyers,

a new model to be used primarily for antisubmarine duty. Although the contract is designed to hold Litton to fixed prices, it allows for inflation and some other variables that may permit the company to collect additional sums. Some estimates put the eventual cost of each new destroyer at \$100 million, v. the \$90 million that the Navy deems appropriate; the question is how much of the extra cost will be paid by Litton and how much by the Navy.

Reports of Litton's troubles touched off a furor in Congress, which is growing increasingly impatient with over-run-prone defense contractors. The House Armed Services Committee recently cut next year's budget authorization for the destroyer from \$610 million, as requested by the Pentagon, to \$247 million. The committee expressed "concern" over costs and delays in both shipbuilding programs, with an eye toward finding remedies.

Game Plan. The Pascagoula plant is also far behind on construction of eight container ships for the Farrell and American President lines. Now scheduled for completion next fall, the first such vessel will be 21 months behind schedule and will cost about double its contract price of \$21 million, making it the most expensive general cargo ship ever built. Litton will doubtless pay heavily for the overrun.

What went wrong in Pascagoula? For one thing, the plant's advanced "modular" technology, in which sections of a ship are built separately and then welded together, produced some monumental bloopers. Some of the sections simply did not fit together, forcing engineers to order expensive re-cuttings. In addition, Litton staffed the yard largely with top managers drawn from other businesses, who knew little about shipbuilding, and engineers trans-

ferred from West Coast aerospace operations, who did not adapt easily to a Southern environment; the general air of discontent spread to the blue-collar force. In Pascagoula's first year, labor turnover ran as high as 60%, double the normal rate.

Ash claims that Litton has finally worked out its management and labor problems in Pascagoula. He professes no concern about the reduced Navy orders and congressional funding cutback. "The Navy will commission other ships and we, as the most competitive shipbuilder in the country, will get other Navy business," he says. Ash further points out that about two-thirds of the conglomerate's businesses (1971 total sales: \$2.5 billion) are turning in healthy profits. They include Monroe calculators, Sweda sales-recording systems, medical products and new inertial navigation systems. "We are still on the game plan we've been on for the last 15 years," says Ash.

It is doubtful that Litton's game plan included some \$70 million in losses—\$25 million of them in high start-up costs at Pascagoula—that the company is writing off this year. Yet Ash still exudes confidence in his theory of "free form" management. Stockholders, whose shares have plunged in price from a high of 120½ in 1967 to 15½ last week, will be waiting for proof.

MARKETING

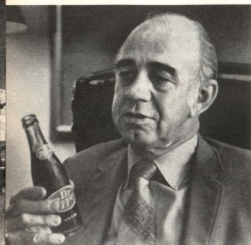
Likable Lilliputian

Madison Avenue's stock formula for a TV commercial is made up of varying parts of humor and pixy dust, with perhaps a base of fact. That formula has worked spectacularly for Dr Pepper, a fruit-flavored soft drink that has been a staple for generations in the South and Southwest, but was unknown elsewhere five years ago. Since then it has expanded nationwide, taking chunks of such sophisticated markets as New York, Chicago and Los Angeles away from Coke and Pepsi. Its chief assault has been made by an ad campaign that presents Dr Pepper Co. as a likable Lilliputian, desperately trying to market "America's most misunderstood soft drink."

The ads, prepared by Young & Rubicam, frankly admit that "Dr Pepper" sounds like the name of a fiery patent medicine. In fact, though the drink was concocted in 1885 by a Waco, Texas, druggist and named after his physician father-in-law, it looks like a cola and tastes like a blend of cola, cherry and cream soda. The commercials stress the theme that, though many people are reluctant to try it, they like it once they take the plunge. Their approaches range from the outrageous (a Latin dictator besieged in his palace by a howling mob demanding that he take a sip) to the smirking (a lothario urging an innocent girl to "come on" try it, while she purrs



ARTIST'S CONCEPTION OF THE U.S. NAVY'S NEW LHA AMPHIBIOUS ASSAULT SHIP
An armada of labor troubles and cost overruns, but very few vessels.



CLEMENTS SAVORING DR PEPPER
Humor, pixy dust and fact.

the puritan objection: "My parents." Not until the end of the commercial is it made entirely clear that they are talking about Dr Pepper.

The ads have been at least as successful as they are amusing. In the past five years, Dr Pepper has risen from the nation's sixth to its fourth largest-selling soft drink. The company's sales have doubled, to \$63 million, and profits have risen even more, to \$6.7 million. Dr Pepper's success has not gone unnoticed by its competitors. Last week Coca-Cola began test marketing Mr. PiBB, a similar fruit-flavored drink, right in Dr Pepper's own backyard, Texas and Mississippi.

Canny Footh. Dr Pepper's northern invasion was started by W.W. Clements, who began as a route salesman and was then marketing vice president; he became president in 1969. Clements is a strict Alabama Baptist who likes to be called by his childhood nickname of "Footh." In between slugging down at least ten Dr Peppers a day and puffing on as many fat cigars, he blurts out a cracker-barrel version of the ad's philosophy: "Once I get Dr Pepper down their throats and tell them about it, I'm in business." He is a canny marketer in other ways. To distribute Dr Pepper a few years ago, Clements began signing up a string of independent Coke and Pepsi bottlers, including giant Coca-Cola Bottling Co. of New York, Inc. Coke and Pepsi may have been furious, but in 1966 the Food and Drug Administration declared that Dr Pepper was not a cola, thereby eliminating the threat of antitrust action against the bottlers if they decided to take it on.

Next year, Clements' marketing savvy will be tested on new ground. The company plans to expand into Mexico, as well as into Japan and other Far Eastern nations. Its key problem will be translating into Spanish and Japanese the wry ad approach that has so captivated Northerners in the U.S.

ISRAEL

Profits on the Kibbutz

Sitting on the barren, marshy frontiers of Israel, the typical kibbutz for years was rarely more than a commune of spartan farmers. But as Israel's economy has surged, the kibbutzim are becoming burgeoning industrial complexes and tourist attractions. Ferryboats, their decks crowded with sightseers, stand out among the austere fishermen on the Sea of Galilee. New hotels, some with seaside restaurants, are rising where banana trees once flourished in the subtropical sun. And daily from kibbutz factories flows a stream of products that range from machine tools and stainless steel kitchen equipment to shipping containers.

This year 170 of the 231 kibbutzim are either catering to tourists or running factories. Kibbutz hotels and restaurants in 1971 brought in only \$5,000,000. But revenues from the kibbutz factories were \$300 million, roughly 7% of Israel's total industrial production. At a symposium for factory managers last month, Winnipeg-born Dan Karmon, of the 212-member Kibbutz Industries Association, boasted that in the next five years revenues would more than double to \$700 million. Already the kibbutz factories account for 35% of Israel's total plastics production, and in the past four years output has risen 30% annually. Factories that manufacture electronic equipment, such as radiation detection instruments, are growing even faster. Since 1968 the production of electronic gear has increased 40% annually.

The kibbutzim are well equipped to handle their industrial revolution. Many older kibbutz members were born abroad and came to Israel with polished technical skills, while others have been sent off to a university for managerial or scientific training. Money to build the factories normally comes from the kibbutz farm revenues, but when these funds are insufficient, development loans are available from the government or the workers' banks of the Israel Federation of Labor. Each kibbutz

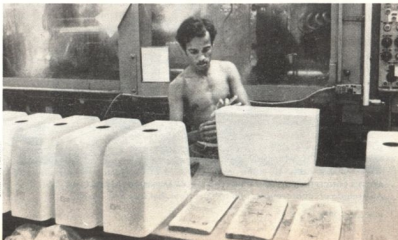
can decide what kind of factory it wants to build, but to eliminate duplicate projects their plans are reviewed by Karmon's association.

One of the largest and most successful industrial operations is Sefen, a joint venture owned equally by seven kibbutzim and Ampal, the foreign-investment arm of the Israel Federation of Labor. Sefen's first factory, built in 1952 on the torrid Jordan Valley floor south of the Sea of Galilee, converted waste from a kibbutz plywood factory into insulator board. When Israel's building boom began in 1953, Sefen switched to making construction board. Now Sefen is a four-factory operation that last year earned a profit of \$725,000 on revenues of over \$11 million. It produces adhesives, scientific radiation equipment and laminates for the construction and electronics industries.

Dream Team. Most other kibbutz industrial ventures are considerably smaller. Kfar Ruppin, for example, has 20 workers—v. 450 at Sefen—and makes only one family of products, laboratory equipment for teaching physics. In addition, most factories are not fully mechanized; they require teams of laborers to spend long hours doing simple tasks by hand. To reduce the monotony, workers in a plastics plant at Kibbutz Ma'Agan Michael rotate jobs every two hours.

Labor relations on the kibbutz sound like a factory manager's version of *The Impossible Dream*. The factories pay no wages to kibbutz members, though they deposit their profits in the treasury that maintains the collective farm. The workers nevertheless labor hard—kibbutz factories raised their productivity an imposing 11% last year—and none has ever gone on strike. The kibbutz plants consequently keep prices extremely low: high school and college lab equipment is sold in the U.S. at 20% below the price charged by American companies, and plastic flushing systems for toilets are sold in Africa at 15% less than competitive brands. Most of their output is sold to the Israeli government or large private firms, but the bargain prices are beginning to win a modest export market.

MAKING PLASTICS IN THE PLASSON FACTORY AT KIBBUTZ MA'AGAN MICHAEL





Walkout Windows

Actually, they're Andersen gliding doors. Window-doors. Doors that bring indoors and outdoors together.

Your patio becomes part of your kitchen. Your pool becomes part of your bedroom. Inside and out blend and live in harmony.

On the patio you can enjoy the warm sun for breakfast. A cool breeze for dinner. The romance of a bright, full moon and a nightcap on a warm, fall evening. And you still have easy access to your living room or kitchen.

Without losing your intimate contact with nature, Andersen Walkout Windows seal out foul weather as well. Made of warm, natural wood, these gliding doors close snugly, locking out the biting wind during the winter.

Double-pane, insulating glass and a thermal barrier in the sill cut heat loss substantially. The tempered (safety) insulating glass also checks condensation and frost.

If you want *maintenance-free* gliding doors, choose the Andersen Perma-Shield Walkout Window. Perma-Shield is a weatherproof, vinyl sheath that won't need painting. Resists warping, peeling, and corrosion, too.

For more information about Andersen Walkout Windows, see your local lumber dealer. He's listed in the Yellow Pages. Or write for our free 16-page folder, "How to Get Good Windows."

Please send me your free booklet, "How to get good windows when you buy, build or remodel."
Mail to: Andersen Corporation, Bayport, Minn. 55003

☐ I plan to build. ☐ I plan to remodel a _____

Name _____ T-72

Address _____

City _____

State _____ Zip _____

Andersen Windowalls
ANDERSEN CORPORATION BAYPORT, MINNESOTA 55003



CINEMA

Strictly Nonkosher

PORTNOY'S COMPLAINT

Directed by ERNEST LEHMAN

Screenplay by ERNEST LEHMAN

Whatever the merits of Philip Roth's *Portnoy's Complaint* as a novel, it is certainly the greatest closet nightclub act of our time. In sketch after sketch, Roth cuts into the family and sex life of a Jewish neurotic until funny bone and inflamed nerve ending become indistinguishable. "I'm caught in the middle of a Jewish joke," cries Alexander Portnoy to his psychoanalyst, "and it isn't funny."

Being caught in the middle of Ernest Lehman's debasement of Roth's novel isn't funny either. As the movie version of *Goodbye, Columbus* proved, the controlled hysteria with which Roth cauterizes his past is hard to translate into film. Actors, scenery and background music only dilute the intensity of Portnoy's brilliant lie-down comic routine on the psychoanalyst's couch. Roth's re-Joying in the scenes of Portnoy's heroic masturbations lose their hilarious dimension and descend pathetically into the baggy-pants scatology of the oldtime burlesque skit.

Lee Grant as Sophie Portnoy, the



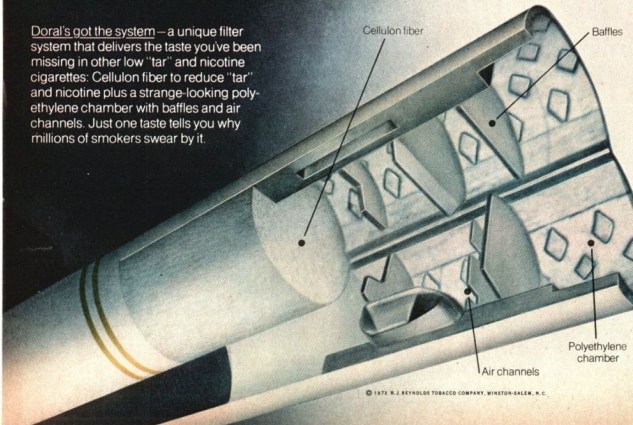
GRANT, SOMACK & BENJAMIN IN FANTASY SEQUENCE IN "PORTNOY"
Jewishness as the perpetual circumcision of the psyche.

carnivorous Jewish mother, and Jack Somack as the resentfully respectable father can do no more than gesticulate their way through the clichés of Jewish parenthood. Surreal projections in Portnoy's mind, Sophie and Jack were never meant to be seen.

Neither was the Monkey (Karen Black), the fulfillment of Portnoy's teen-age sex fantasies. But as the West Virginia coal miner's daughter who lusts after Portnoy's intellect with as

much guilt-ridden fervor as Portnoy has for her body, Black offers the film's best performance. Her face has those interesting imperfections usually found in the faces of nameless actresses who play in such smokers' *Hillbilly Heaven*. She also seems to have a real feeling for hostile profanity, which is about as extreme as one will find in a general-release movie. Oddly, when it comes to actions rather than words, the sex

Doral's got the system—a unique filter system that delivers the taste you've been missing in other low "tar" and nicotine cigarettes: Cellulose fiber to reduce "tar" and nicotine plus a strange-looking polyethylene chamber with baffles and air channels. Just one taste tells you why millions of smokers swear by it.



tame, sometimes to the point of absurdity. The most torrid encounter, a moaning simulation of cunnilingus, occurs with both Portnoy and the Monkey fully clothed—she in pants.

Richard Benjamin as Portnoy is no more credible with his clothes off. He looks the part: his high, shiny cheeks and full, wavy hair give him the bright man-child appearance to complement the 33-year-old character's infantile emotions. But when Benjamin opens his mouth, he seems about as out of place as Howdy Doodly in *Hamlet*. His readings of Roth's lines are pure balsa wood.

The novel's plot remains more or less intact, but it is laden with Lehman's heavy touches of sympathy and maudlin sentimentality. These do little to focus Roth's savage vision: Jewishness as a perpetual circumcision of the psyche.

■ R.Z. Sheppard

Scruddy Vigor

BRONCO BULLFROG

Directed by BARNEY PLATTS-MILLS
Screenplay by BARNEY PLATTS-MILLS

Since there has not been an example of the English realistic cinema in some time, *Bronco Bullfrog* comes to the U.S. as something of a novelty, and rather a welcome one. Crude and defiant, the film is full of such angry energy that its shortcomings can

be, if not dismissed, at least indulged.

The factory smokestacks begripping the sky in the opening scene are in Stratford, a section of London's East End where jobs and hope are in short supply. There Del (Del Walker), a 17-year-old welder's apprentice, picks up money on the side through petty thievery with his pal Roy (Roy Haywood). The lads meet up with another mate nicknamed Bronco Bullfrog, whose recent stretch in reform school has given him some profitable connections. Bronco (Sam Shepherd) cuts the boys in on a job robbing a freight car.

Bored, frustrated, trapped, Del really wants a chance to get away and spend a little time alone with his girl Irene (Anne Gooding). Writer-Director Platts-Mills is especially good at suggesting the pervasive feeling of desperation, and the sense of privacy as an inaccessible, impossible luxury. When Del and Irene do manage finally to pass a night together it is in Bronco's flat, where cartons of stolen merchandise are stacked against the wall and Bronco sprawls at the foot of the bed, restlessly sleeping off a drunk.

This is Platts-Mills' first feature, and even by the lenient standard adopted for new work, *Bronco Bullfrog* is rough around the edges. Subtitles are required, not only because the East End accent and slang are often unintelligible (even to Londoners) but because the sound recording is atrocious.



WALKER & GOODING IN "BULLFROG"
A feeling of desperation.

Some of the supporting players steal nervous glances into the camera, and the scenes of violence are handled with a singular awkwardness, as if the participants were afraid to do one another any real harm. The performances of Walker and Gooding, however, have a kind of scruddy street authenticity. Despite abundant flaws, there is hardly a moment in *Bronco Bullfrog* that does not display a vigorous, very real talent.

■ Joy Cocks

The cigarette low "tar" and nicotine smokers swear by...not at

"I swear you can really taste me."



Warning: The Surgeon General Has Determined That Cigarette Smoking Is Dangerous to Your Health.

FILTER: 14 mg. "tar", 1.0 mg. nicotine, MENTHOL: 14 mg. "tar", 1.1 mg. nicotine, av. per cigarette, FTC Report APR. '72.

The Ford LTD. It wasn't just the Quiet
that made it America's best-selling luxury car.



The Ford LTD. Quiet Plus.



Inside the luxurious '72 LTD: From the left, *reclining passenger seat, *automatic temperature control, *power sunroof, Ford's "Front Room." (*optional)

Ford's famous quiet ride is just one reason why, year after year, more people choose LTD than any other luxury car.

There are LTD's many standard luxury features: Power steering, power front disc brakes, SelectShift Cruise-O-Matic transmission, to name a few.

There's also LTD's rugged "S" frame. Steel side guard rails to protect you and

your family. And when it comes to options, LTD rivals cars costing thousands more. Cornering lights, AM/FM stereo radio, rear window defogger, and many more deluxe features.

America's best selling luxury car. The '72 Ford LTD. It's quiet, luxurious, and built to last. Take a test ride at your nearby Ford Dealer.

The '72 LTD Brougham (above) is shown with optional power sunroof, white wall tires, deluxe wheel covers, vinyl roof, cornering lights, and dual accent paint stripes.

FORD LTD

FORD DIVISION



EDUCATION

Battle of Berlin

Professor Jürgen Zerche was lecturing on political science one day this spring when a band of some 70 young leftists barged into his classroom at the Free University of Berlin and began shouting curses at him. His offense: he had criticized the appointment of a Trotskyite professor. The students warned him that unless he recanted they would hold him prisoner until he starved to death. Zerche escaped by jumping out of a window.

Historian Alexander Schwan nearly met the same fate. His crime was that he had complained that student ideas of justice were similar to those of the Nazis. Another band of youths invaded his classroom, denounced him as "Professor Schwein [pig]" and tried to throw him out of the window. Schwan's own students formed a phalanx around him, however, and led him to safety.

Many West German universities have had student protests in recent years, but no demonstrations have been so continuously disruptive as those at the Free University. Its militant students and teaching assistants repeatedly come storming out of their favorite *Kneipen* (taverns) to break up classes. "They don't want learning," complains Political Scientist Richard Lowenthal, himself a onetime leftist youth leader. "They want to conquer the Free University and turn it into an institute for party training."

Nonpolitical departments like science still operate fairly normally, but the turmoil has produced a shambles in the fields of economics, sociology, philosophy and political science. Said a Cologne newspaper: "There is not a university in the country that seems so near the brink of disaster."

Fading Ideals. The conflict is particularly ironic because the Free University was originally organized with U.S. backing in 1948 as a democratic counterpart to the once great Humboldt University, which had fallen under Communist domination when Berlin was divided after World War II. Massively supported by the Ford Foundation, the Free University was to be a "community of teachers and learners." Its standards were high, its equipment excellent, its faculty idealistic. It also broke with German tradition by allowing a student council to take part in its administration.

As postwar idealism faded, however, so did good intentions. Senior professors gradually took control, and lectures often amounted to little more than the standard German classroom scene: a snowy-haired professor reading from his next book and refusing to answer student questions. At the same time, militant students from West Germany flocked to the campus, partly because

Berlin was exciting, but also because the move to Berlin exempted them from the military draft. Built for only 10,000 students, the Free University eventually grew to more than 20,000.

Inflamed by bitter anti-American feeling over the Viet Nam War, the campus exploded several times in the late 1960s, and student radicals demanded a larger say in the control of the university. The West Berlin Parliament responded with a series of reforms. Among other things, the rector—the administrative head chosen by the faculty—was replaced by a powerful president elected for seven years by a council of professors, teaching assistants, students and employees. That change enabled leftist students and assistants to elect one of their own as president in 1970: Rolf Kreibich, then 31, a Social Democratic sociologist who was not a full professor and had not even completed his doctorate.

Once in office, Kreibich satisfied almost no one. He was already distrusted by the senior faculty as an upstart ("He is not well endowed educationally," said Classics Professor Georg N. Knauer), and he quickly lost the support of the most radical students when he threatened to call in the police to protect persons and university property. For the first, he has just drifted.

Now scholars complain that academic standards have slipped badly and that serious research is impossible. At the school of political science, the Otto Suhr Institute, Marxists hold about 60% of the junior faculty appointments, and they demonstrate "solidarity" with students by letting them write papers and take exams "collectively"—one student does the work and two or three others get the same grade. As a result, many German employers consider the institute's degrees meaningless. (The stodgy East German Communists take an equally dim view of the Berlin rebels.) But the students continue to demand their "revolutionary rights." Says Abraham Ashkenasi, an American who teaches political science at the institute: "There is a wild, anarchistic streak in them that forces even the older students and the Marxist instructors to adopt more extreme positions as a means of maintaining their influence."

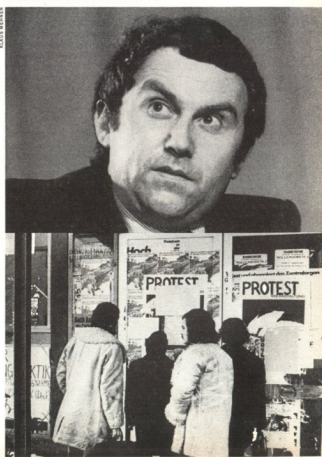
This spring the struggle at the Free University in-

tensified when President Kreibich attempted to appoint Ernest Mandel, a German-born Trotskyite who lives in Brussels and who was once barred from the U.S., as a full professor of economics. West Berlin's government vetoed the appointment because it feared his presence would attract still more leftist students to West Berlin. Angry students protested by striking the departments of economics, sociology and philosophy, and Kreibich has promised to appeal the Mandel decision in the courts.

No Police. After two years of anarchy, the moderate members of the faculty are trying to reorganize their forces. On the one hand, they have rejected the city's offer of off-campus classrooms guarded by police, because, as Asian Scholar Jürgen Domes put it, "We thought the arrangement would create two classes of professors: those the students would allow to teach on campus and those they wouldn't." On the other hand, the moderates have drawn up a reform plan for the Berlin government to approve this fall, including provisions for the installation of an experienced president and the return of authority to the faculty.

So far, some 30 dissatisfied professors have left the Free University but most have stayed. Says Classicist Knauer: "We don't want our sons and daughters to have to ask 'Why didn't you stand up?' That is what we asked our own parents in 1945."

KREIBICH & FREE UNIVERSITY STUDENTS



DANCE

Homage to Igor

STRAVINSKY: How much music will you want for the three dancers' first variation?

BALANCHINE: Thirty-one seconds, I would think.

STRAVINSKY: Could you settle for thirty-two?

They were not joking. One reason the late Composer Igor Stravinsky and Choreographer George Balanchine got on so well was that they both worried about craft at a time when everyone else was worrying about art. If art was the result of their labors, so much the better, but they did not agonize about it. "When I know how long a piece must take, then it excites me," Stravinsky said in explaining the importance of the discipline of limits. To him as to Balanchine, mastery of the work at hand was what counted, not the creation of

so-called masterworks. As Balanchine once put it: "If you set out deliberately to make a masterpiece, how will you ever get it finished?"

To Agon. That masterpiece resulted anyway was amply proved last week as the New York City Ballet staged one of the cultural, or craftsman-like, events of the decade. Billed as a Stravinsky Festival, the weeklong affair was nominally in honor of what would have been Stravinsky's 90th birthday. But the festival—featuring 31 ballets, of which 21 were world premières, set to Stravinsky's music—was also a celebration of the greatest single creative partnership in the history of ballet. It had its start when the two Russian émigrés were brought together in 1925 by the great Impresario Serge Diaghilev. It continued for four decades, during which Balanchine and Stravinsky created two dozen ballets from the romantic Tchaikovsky-esque *The Fairy's Kiss* to the

stark, quasi-dodecaphonic "IBM-ballet," *Agon*.

In stirring his world-famed company into action for the festival, Balanchine made it clear that he wanted not a lugubrious memorial, but a joyous, entertaining celebration of Stravinsky's art and spirit. "In Russia we don't cry when a person dies," said Balanchine. "We are happy. We go home to an enormous table with vodka and blini, and we drink to the health of the guy that died."

Indeed, the only question was whether Balanchine's own spirits rose to the occasion or the occasion rose to Balanchine's spirits. At 68, four times divorced, czar of his own school of ballet and highly disciplined troupe, Balan-

Top right: Scene from Jerome Robbins' stark, anguished "Requiem Canticles," Stravinsky's last big work. Bottom right: Death (Penny Duddleston) and the Emperor (Francisco Moncion) are battling in John Taras' new ballet set to "The Song of the Nightingale."

"Two Masters Met—A Double Whammy"

BETWEEN rehearsals and performances of the Stravinsky Festival at Manhattan's Lincoln Center last week, Choreographers George Balanchine and Jerome Robbins talked with TIME's Rosemarie Tauris about the great Russian composer whose work they were honoring.

Why was Stravinsky so important for the ballet?

BALANCHINE: He invented a modern rhythm for us. That kind of music is exactly what makes us move right. You see, a dancer cannot invent his own

time; a composer can. He can write the rhythms slowly and then divide them. The human body cannot do that. We need an exact time to set our different types of movements. That intrigued Stravinsky immensely, and he invented new balletic time for us just as Tchaikovsky did in his day. If Tchaikovsky had not invented this wonderful little time of music, ballet would probably have gone in a different direction. There probably would not be any ballet. Only Delibes, Tchaikovsky and Stravinsky composed in this balletic way. I must say also Verdi. You can dance Verdi from beginning to end.

ROBBINS: One of the things that appeals to me tremendously about Stravinsky's music is what I call the motor. There is always a pulse, a tremendous motor going that is attractive to dance to. It almost carries you, takes you along with it. It's almost irresistible. I always feel there is architecture and strength, there is no fat on his work. It is not bulging over his girdle. It is absolutely lean, as essential as it can be. And it's never sentimental, though it is moving.

BALANCHINE & STRAVINSKY AT WORK



How did you and Stravinsky work together on ballets?

BALANCHINE: Take *Orpheus*. I went to Hollywood and we talked about it. Stravinsky would ask, "What do you want to see?" I said, "Well, I suppose *Orpheus* will be in the middle of the stage looking down." "O.K.," he said.

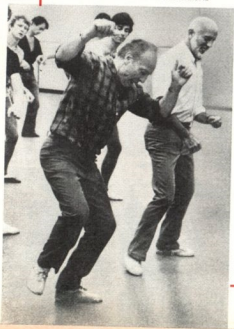
Sometimes Stravinsky liked to do the end first. He said, "I woke up this morning and I had an appetite for the end, when *Orpheus* dies." I also often do the finale first. Then I know where I'm going.

But Stravinsky and I never spent much time talking about music. It went very fast. "Do this, this, this." That's all. Mostly we spent our time drinking. He would come to the door with a bottle in his hand and say, "Everyone must have Scotch. It's the best drink in the world." Then later when he rearranged his stomach and drank Bordeaux, he would say, "Everyone must drink Bordeaux." So I spent a lot of time drinking with Stravinsky, and we talked Russian about this and that.

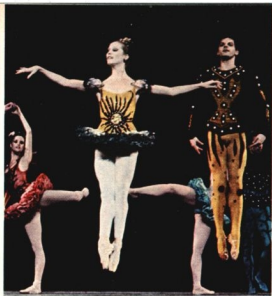
How did Stravinsky influence the world of dance?

ROBBINS: Largely through Mr. Balanchine. This is not to deny Stravinsky's early works, which were tremendous. Ballet was changed immediately by his rhythms. But when Balanchine began to compose extensively to Stravinsky's music, the influence deepened. There is not a choreographer who has not been influenced by Balanchine. So two masters met, and it has affected the whole body of the art they are involved in. It was a double whammy, the combination of Balanchine and Stravinsky.

BALANCHINE & ROBBINS AT REHEARSAL







chine has long been known for his total dedication to his work. But in the last six weeks, he doubled his efforts and enthusiasm, overseeing every detail of the festival and choreographing nine completely new ballets. He was at his happiest in his shirt sleeves at rehearsals, positioning his dancers and instructing them by singing out "Slow-slow-slow-one-two-three" and stepping through each part himself.

New Kiss. The opening night's *Violin Concerto* turned out to be Balanchine's finest work since his 1967 *Jewels*. Stravinsky's music is less assertive, less obviously heroic than most violin concertos. Instead, it offers a rich conversation with the soloist as a sort of Socratic anchorman. Balanchine's two principal dancing couples follow this dialogue, and sometimes invoke the unexpected by concentrating on minor or secondary themes. All to the point of producing a ballet that is mod, sexy and elegant—vintage Balanchine.

Balanchine also managed to choreograph (handsomely) a Stravinsky duo

for piano and violin, as well as the taut, granitic *Symphony in Three Movements*. The latter is jazzy, athletic, impressive in its antiphonal choruses between the men of the corps and the women. Add to these a cheeky, naughty *Dances Concertantes* and a delicious new *Fairy's Kiss*, and you have Balanchine at his most vigorously creative period since the 1950s.

If there ever came a time, though, for Balanchine to step down, the one man who could best take over is Ballet Master Jerome Robbins, 53, the finest American-born choreographer working today. Robbins' contributions to the week's festivities were considerable, ranging from a breezy, sporting *Dumbarton Oaks* concerto to a swirling, twirling *Scherzo Fantastique*. There was also *Circus Polka*, with 48 little ballerinas, aged nine to twelve, scampering around to the direction of Ringmaster Robbins himself. (Stravinsky originally wrote the piece for "very young" elephants.) But Robbins' finest new ballet was the haunting *Requiem Canticles*, a breathtaking affirmation of the originality he has shown in recent years with such works as *Dances at a Gathering* and, last winter, a quasi-Oriental study in animated still life, *Watermill*.

On the Phone. Among the things that Balanchine and Robbins see eye to eye on (not to mention toe to toe) is their new jointly choreographed ballet *Pulcinella*. "Sometimes I would do a section and George would add details," explains Robbins, "and sometimes George would do a section and I would add." At rehearsals, for example, Robbins would work from a distance, calling the starting and stopping shots and shaping the overall picture. Onstage, Balanchine would "add" by moving dancers around, or changing the angle of an elbow or knee. Their joint *Pulcinella* is less of a display piece for virtuoso dancing than a big, bawdy, joyful romp bulging with mime and pantomime. It illustrates better than any of the other new works Balanchine's cheerful dictum that ballet dancers are "entertainers, professional clowns, comedians."

Balanchine, like Stravinsky a member of the Russian Orthodox Church, is also something of a mystic. When he cries aloud at a rehearsal, as he often does, "Let us pray to Mozart!" he means it. Mozart is there, somewhere. So is Gounod, Bach, even Sousa. Thus, when he came out onto the stage of the New York State Theater opening night, and said, "He [Stravinsky] is with us. I spoke to him on the telephone, and he said 'George, it's all yours.'" no one in the audience uttered a peep. That was simply the way it had to be, because, as Balanchine explained coolly, Stravinsky had taken "a leave of absence."

MILESTONES

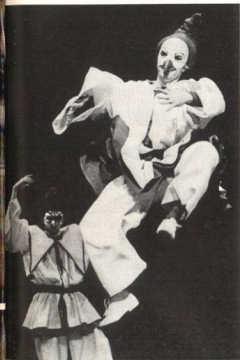
Married. Taylor Caldwell, 71, best-selling novelist (*This Side of Innocence*, *Great Lion of God*); and William Everett Stancell, 72, retired real estate developer; she for the third time, he for the eighth; in Eggertsville, N.Y.

Died. Gene Farmer, 52, a senior editor of LIFE who went from the Ozark hills into the presence of prime ministers; of a heart attack; in Lexington, Mass. After earning a journalism degree at Northwestern University, Farmer joined the Cedar Rapids, Iowa, *Gazette*, where he soon became city editor. During his 27 years with LIFE, he moved through a succession of key assignments including sports editor, London bureau chief and foreign news editor. He was active in recent years in editing and condensing major works for publication in LIFE. Among them: Douglas MacArthur's memoirs, Arthur Schlesinger's *A Thousand Days*, and Khrushchev's *Remembers*. He also expanded LIFE's account of the Apollo 11 mission into a book, *First on the Moon*.

Died. John Stack, 65, aerodynamics engineer who played a central role in developing the first U.S. supersonic plane, and later was responsible for breakthroughs that led to the controversial F-111 swing-wing jet; of injuries suffered in a fall from a horse; in Yorktown, Va.

Died. Howard D. Johnson, 75, founder of the roadside restaurant and motel chain that bears his name; of a heart attack; in Manhattan. Dissatisfied as the proprietor of a drugstore and newsstand during the '20s, Johnson went looking for a product "I could call by my own name." He settled first on ice cream, opened a beach-side stand, then in 1929 launched his first restaurant in Quincy, Mass. He then combined the Howard Johnson name and know-how with money from other small entrepreneurs by franchising the familiar orange, blue and white highway rest stops across the country. They now number 875 restaurants and 470 motor lodges, valued at some \$300 million.

Died. S. (for Stephen) Howard Young, 94, one of the world's wealthiest art dealers; in Manhattan. Born in Belle Center, Ohio, Young began selling prints throughout the Midwest while still a teen-ager and in three years accumulated \$400,000. Wiped out by the panic of 1896, he started again by commissioning portraits of recently deceased rich people, then selling the paintings to the bereaved families. Later he began collecting paintings for wealthy clients, and finally established a hugely successful gallery in New York. His greatest coup was the discovery at an auction of the lost El Greco, *Christ Healing the Blind*.



Above: Edward Villella in the Balanchine-Robbins "Pulcinella." Left, top row: Three by Balanchine—Jean-Pierre Bonnefous and Karen von Arndt in new "Violin Concerto"; Lynda Yourth, John Clifford in a new "Dances Concertantes"; Sara Leland and John Clifford in newly found sonata. Center row: Ringmaster Robbins cajoles 48 youngsters to spell out Stravinsky's initials in "Circus Polka." Bottom row: Scene from Jerome Robbins' new "Scherzo Fantastique," and Orpheus in the clutches of the Bacchantes in the 1948 Balanchine classic.

My First Car

"Speed is our god, a new canon of beauty," wrote the Italian Futurist Filippo Marinetti in 1909. "A roaring motorcar, which runs like a machine gun, is more beautiful than the Winged Victory of Samothrace." Ever since then, the automobile has been present on the margins of Western art, though not, as the horse once was, at its center. There has never been a flow of car images to match the innumerable equestrian ones of the past, because the car is—as Marinetti implied—a work of art already, a mass-produced corporate sculpture, permeated with style. Logically, then, why not have an artist make

a car and call it his work of art? In 1966 a California sculptor named Don Potts set out to do exactly that. The result of his six years of labor, entitled *My First Car*, is on view this week at New York's Whitney Museum. It is not a car, to be precise, but a set of four components—a wooden mockup chassis, a chassis with engine, and two bodies, one of metal, the other of stretched glider cloth—all of which could theoretically be fitted together.

The display teaches something about the myopia of the art world. For decades, hot-rodders in California have been chopping and chroming cars into peachy-candy Baroque monsters; these are not officially held to be art because they are made by grease monkeys, not artists. The difference is merely one of classification and context: if it's in the Whitney, it's art.

There are differences, however, between Potts' vehicle and the no less obsessive rods and dragsters of the West Coast. The chief one is that Potts' car barely functions at all. The spidery space-frame chassis, underslung between bicycle wheels and clearing the ground by less than two inches, has no place for a driver. Radio controlled, it can hit 10 m.p.h., trailing rhetorical howls and crackles from its methanol-fueled engine and wretched exhausts. In short, Potts has made a perfectly useless machine, an exquisitely tooled piece of four-wheeled costume jewelry.

"In the old days," says Potts gnomically, "any sculptor who wanted to do his thing had to do it through the figure. Well, I just happen to be saying what I want to say through a car." A student of transcendental meditation, he describes the car as his mantra: a means to self-knowledge through prolonged application of craft to an unreal problem. It represents a process, not a solution. "Potts," says Art Critic Thomas Garver, in the catalogue introducing the car, "regards the true work of art to be the artist himself. The car is not a public object but a *building* way to probe more deeply into himself."

No doubt it was excellent therapy, but the result is somewhat inconclusive. It does, however, exemplify a cherished California delusion: that art and life are the same thing.

■ Robert Hughes

An Analytical Stillness

A candle flame, streaming upward from its stubby pillar of wax, was one of the favorite images in 17th century European art. Vulnerable to a breath, shedding its modest light and resolving the threats of darkness into rational form, it became a metaphor of human consciousness itself. Indeed, a tradition of the "night piece" runs back to the late 15th century, when Leonardo set down his precepts for painting dramat-

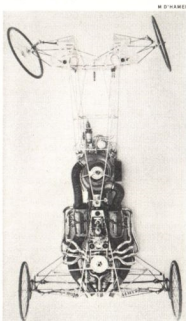
ic firelit groups. Rembrandt in Holland and Caravaggio in Rome produced unforgettable examples of the genre. In the artist whose work is most intimately associated with candlelight was Frenchman: Georges de La Tour.

Great painters, one tends to suppose, may go in and out of fashion; they do not get lost, like suitcases. Yet this was La Tour's fate. His work lay in limbo for nearly 300 years; by 1919 he was a name and three paintings, more, and the patient labor of art scholars over the past few decades has unearthed only 31 of his pictures, plus various fragments and copies. This may be only a fraction of his output. Throughout this summer, however, a definitive La Tour exhibition is on view at the Orangerie in Paris. Returned to the light, La Tour's work can be seen as one of the marvels of French art.

Odious. About La Tour's life a character, very little is known. The man is faceless—the more so, because he has no known self-portrait; it is just possible that the quick-eyed, copper-haired young cheat at the right in *The Cashier with the Ace of Diamonds* may be La Tour himself. But his life is mostly conjecture, strung between a few documentary signposts. He was born 1593, at Vic, a town in the duchy of Lorraine. At some time between 1610 and 1616, he is assumed to have gone to Italy and worked in Rome. By 1617 he was back in France, marrying the daughter of a prosperous dual silversmith, Diane Le Nerf. The marriage paid well in contacts and commissions. In 1620 La Tour moved to Lunéville, his wife's town, and begged the Duke of Lorraine for tax exemption—"since nobody of the petitioner's art and profession lives there, or in the region." The duke granted this, from which one may suppose that the 27-year-old artist was already had a burgeoning reputation.

La Tour was to spend the rest of his life in Lunéville, surviving the plague and the Thirty Years' War and growing steadily rich. His tax exemption fattened him, and the poorer citizens of Lunéville resented it; in 1637 they besought the duke to tax everyone equally for war, including "the painter M. Georges de La Tour," who "makes himself odious to the people by the number of dogs he keeps . . . as though he were lord of the place, coursing greyhounds through the corn, spoiling and trampling it." Apparently La Tour remained a crusty squire to the end: 1650, two years before his death at 57, he thrashed a peasant with such success that a doctor had to be called.

In one sense, in a French context La Tour was a magnificent vindication of provincial art. His style could hardly be further from the grand authoritarian rhetoric of Louis XIV. "No great painter ever refused more than Georges de La Tour," remarks Art Historian Jacques Thuillier. "There was never a great painter who created a narrower universe." He painted no landscape



ARTISTIC VEHICLE GOES 10 M.P.H.





Georges de La Tour's "Denial of St. Peter"

"The Cardsharp with the Ace of Diamonds"





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no buildings, no ruins, and hardly any animals beyond St. Peter's rooster and a fly perched on a blind beggar's hurgurdy; the sole object of his scrutiny was man and woman and their intimate possessions—the texture and sheen of velvet, the transparency of a glass, or (as in the Wrightsman *Magdalen*) the exact difference in the highlights that a tallow flame creates on the bone of a skull and on the grayed sea luster of a pearl. But La Tour was not a painter of still lifes with figures. A phrase like "the human condition," though worn, is not to be avoided: it was his field, and he covered it with an immense and suave precision.

One of La Tour's themes was the vanity and vulnerability of youth; he embodied it in his extraordinary masterpiece *The Cardsharp with the Ace of Diamonds*. A boy, caparisoned in plumes, brocade and lace, is gambling against a courtesan who is about to get, from the cardsharp's waistband, the crucial ace. It is a familiar genre situation, but La Tour impregnated it with a subtle psychological tension. The shifty ballet of the eyeballs runs its counterpoint to the expressive gestures of the hands—the soft, uncertain dandyism in the boy, the momentary apprehension of the serving girl, whose glance betrays that she is in on the act, the dealer's foxy speed and the whore's relaxation—all is present in the fingers and skin. A moment has been caught with implacable grace, fixed, and rendered absolute.

Cubist. There is something quite abstract in La Tour's art, which is as evident in the serene, egglike oval of the courtesan's head, seen in broad day, as it is in the cuirasses and helmets of the gambling soldiers in *The Denial of St. Peter*, glimpsed by candlelight. A body or a hand is silhouetted against a shielded flame in order to display, with effortless virtuosity, its linear nature as form. Indeed, La Tour's night pieces look like predictions of Cubism; the background is as active as the figure, voids read as strongly as solids. This quality gives his compositions an immense formal authority—Caravaggio, whose followers La Tour had undoubtedly studied in Rome, never solved problems with La Tour's exactitude.

Some of the greatest art is inelegant. It does not argue or get into expressive tangles. Most of La Tour's surviving work lies on this latitude of the imagination, sharing it with other purifiers of experience: Piero della Francesca, Poussin, Cézanne. Its fundamental condition, the mood of La Tour's key paintings, is a kind of analytical silence: a stillness that mediates between the logic of Descartes and the mysticism of Pascal, both of whom were La Tour's approximate contemporaries. To see the candle flame play on the faces of La Tour's models, rendering them both explicit and transcendent, is to witness a profound meditation on the limits of man.

■ R.H.

The Prize

In 1955, using the University of California's big new atom smasher at Berkeley, Physicists Emilio Segrè and Owen Chamberlain identified an elusive subatomic particle that had long been postulated but never found: the antiproton. Their discovery, honored four years later by a Nobel Prize, helped confirm the existence of "antimatter"—the strange substance that has many physical properties exactly opposite to those of "normal" matter. Now, to the astonishment of the scientific world, a fellow physicist has filed suit against Segrè and Chamberlain, accusing them of stealing a key idea that led to their significant discovery and Nobel Prize.

The \$125,000 action was brought



PHYSICIST ORESTE PICCIONI
Ungentlemanly competition.

in the California courts by Oreste Piccioni, a physics professor at the San Diego branch of the University of California who had visited Berkeley in the 1950s and discussed with Segrè and Chamberlain how the antiproton might be detected. Piccioni contends that he originated the complex detection system that was crucial to the experiment, and that Segrè and Chamberlain initially agreed to let him participate in the work. Subsequently, he charges, they reneged on the agreement, used his system anyway, and then denied him proper credit when they got favorable results. Why had he stalled so long before pressing his claim? The volatile, Italian-born Piccioni says that he has always wanted to set the record straight, but that Segrè—who was also born in Italy—and Chamberlain are such powerful figures in the physics hierarchy that anyone challenging them might have risked losing access to research grants. Moreover, Piccioni

charges, they threatened to bar him from the Berkeley laboratory if he made public his claims.

So far, Segrè and Chamberlain have remained silent, but several of their colleagues pointed out that both men acknowledged Piccioni's "very useful suggestions" in their original report and later cited his contributions in their Nobel lectures. In any case, whatever the merit of Piccioni's charges, many scientists agree that he has touched on an increasingly troublesome issue. In an era of big science, more often than not a major discovery is the work of many minds. Can the Nobel Committee properly single out one man—or even a few—for the lion's share of the honors? The question is particularly pertinent for high-energy physics. In 1964, for example, it took no fewer than 33 scientists, operating the large Brookhaven atom smasher, to discover another fleeting bit of matter—the omega-minus particle.

Pell-Mell Rush. The increasing number of scientists involved in research projects has helped to ensure a hot, often ungentlemanly competition for the Nobel Prize and the other honors that follow in its wake. This is apparent in the pell-mell rush to publish results of experiments—some of them later proved faulty—in scientific journals just to establish priority of discovery. In his unusually candid book *The Double Helix*, Nobel prizewinner James Watson confessed to another questionable practice. Determined to unravel the complex structure of the DNA molecule before Caltech's famed chemist Linus Pauling got to it, Watson and one of his co-winners, Francis Crick, deliberately withheld information from Pauling that might have helped their rival in the race for the Nobel.

Some researchers have begun to react against what Biologist Paul Saltman, vice chancellor of the University of California (San Diego), calls a "Sammy Glickish approach to science." Younger scientists especially are rejecting "the scramble for prestige and glory," says Molecular Biologist Harrison Echols of Berkeley. Recently Howard Temin and David Baltimore avoided that scramble by insisting on reporting their identical but independently reached discoveries—showing that genetic material can replicate itself in other than the conventionally accepted way—in back-to-back papers in the same issue of *Nature*. Perhaps most surprising of all, even some Nobel laureates are questioning the importance attached to the prize. Says Caltech's Max Delbrück: "By some random selection procedure, you pick out a person, and you make him an object of a personality cult. After all, what does it amount to?"

*Under Nobel rules, the prize can be shared by no more than three people.

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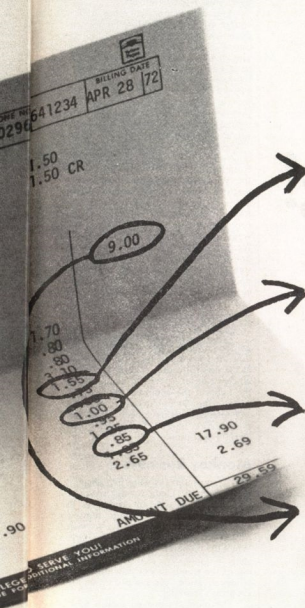
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 18 mg. "tar" 1.3 mg. nicotine av. per cigarette, FTC Report APRIL '72.

ENVIRONMENT

Trafficking by Computer

The computer, which is supposed to solve all problems, has now been handed the problem of traffic control in downtown Washington, D.C.

The experiment, covering half a square mile near the White House, was devised by the Sperry Rand Corp. under a \$4.1 million contract with the Federal Highway Administration. Electronic sensors, embedded in the streets, monitor the flow of vehicles above them. Telephone wires carry the information to a central computer that is programmed to analyze these data immediately, and to send back the appropriate commands to street lights.

Similar but less sophisticated systems are at work in a number of cities from Berlin to New York to Tokyo, but the Washington program has special features. Some 450 Washington buses are now being equipped with radio transmitters that will link them to the central computer. Thus, if the driver wants to set up a series of green lights for himself, he can press a button requesting the computer to give him those signals at cross streets. If the computer, upon scanning the traffic in the area, decides that the request is justified, it will send commands to the appropriate street lights. If the computer thinks otherwise, it will ignore the request.

Just to make sure all systems are go, the computer also shows the traffic flow on a war-room-type display board at the control center. There, traffic engineers can take personal command of the lights if the computer shows signs of faltering. So far, it hasn't. Already, 117 intersections have been wired into the network, and by November it will be fully operational.

Monkey Business

"Those monkeys were like angels," recalls Tamotsu Ueda, former mayor of Oita, Japan. It was an April day in 1958, and Emperor Hirohito himself had come with his Empress to visit Mount Takasaki Natural Monkey Park. When the monarch set foot in the park, some 500 monkeys, as if on cue, spilled out of the woods to welcome him. One affable creature even jumped up on the Empress's shoulder.

The monkeys proved such a tourist attraction that in the next decade some 30 other Japanese cities opened similar parks. There have always been a certain number of macaque monkeys hiding in the forests of Japan, but those forests are steadily being cut down, and it proved easy to lure the monkeys into parks by establishing feeding stations close to city outskirts. As the animals took to their new habitats they also became bolder—and they kept multiplying. Now there are some 50,000



JAPANESE MACAQUES FOR TEXAS
A national nuisance.

of them, and they have become a national nuisance.

The Japanese have even coined a word for the problem: *engai*, meaning monkey pollution. "These apes are just like *furyo* [juvenile delinquents]," says Kunihiko Shirai of the Ministry of Agriculture and Forestry. "Like the human *furyo*, they're creating trouble in many rural communities."

The loudest complaints are coming from farmers. Fuki Moki, 48, whose ancestral patch of land lies near Mount Takago Natural Monkey Park south of Tokyo, says that the macaques wreak havoc in his onions and beans. "They also tear up my mushrooms and throw them around just for the hell of it—without even trying to eat them." Moki's next-door neighbor, Haruji Kenmoto, 65, estimates that *engai* damage cost him \$6,000 last year. "Sometimes they even come indoors and bare their teeth at the children," he says. "It scares the daylights out of them." One macaque climbed up on Kenmoto's roof and pushed at his chimney until it broke.

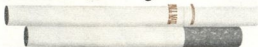
Killing macaques is against Japan's game laws, but some rascally beasts in Kyoto almost lost their hides after they invaded several souvenir shops and stole chocolates. The shopkeepers set up a vigilante organization to hunt them down. Some local scientists persuaded a group of visiting Americans to open a monkey park of their own, however, and so 124 of the animals were shipped to Laredo, Texas.

Even when they stay in their parks, the macaques have become rather disagreeable. Half tame, half wild, they mingle with park visitors, snarl at them, and delight in running away with food packages left on benches. "Once having tasted the amenities of human society," observes Kunihiko Shirai, "they feel they must continue to have them, no matter what."

Latest U.S. Government figures show
PALL MALL GOLD 100's
lower in 'tar'
than the
best-selling
filter king!



Yes, longer...yet milder



PALL MALL GOLD 100's...."tar" 18 mg.—nicotine, 1.3 mg.
Best-selling filter king....."tar" 20 mg.—nicotine, 1.4 mg.
Of all brands, lowest....."tar" 1 mg.—nicotine, 0.1 mg.
18 mg. "tar" 1.3 mg. nicotine av. per cigarette, FTC Report APRIL '72.

COVER STORY

Woody Allen: Rabbit Running

"I don't believe in an afterlife, although I am bringing a change of underwear."

HIS deceduous, mud-red hair has been dried in a wind tunnel. His posture would be unsatisfactory for a question mark. His adenoidal diction suggests that he learned English from records—played at the wrong speed. He has the kind of profile that should not be painted but wallpapered.

Peering dolefully at the world through weed-colored glasses, Woody Allen looks like a one-man illustration of the blind leading the halt. Nonetheless, at 36, he has become one of America's funniest writers and certainly its most unfettered comedian. He is also among its most amply rewarded artists. He has produced three bestselling record albums, and written two Broadway hits. Six movies using the Allen talent have grossed more than \$35 million. *The New Yorker* publishes his prose. His last movie, *Play It Again, Sam*, is doing brisk business in neighborhood theaters across the U.S., while he is feverishly finishing his latest film, soon to be released, *Everything You Always Wanted to Know About Sex (But Were Afraid to Ask)*. The relationship to Dr. David Reuben's bestseller is tenuous, and the movie will probably deserve an R rating (for Rabelaisian). In it, Gene Wilder plays a doctor madly in love with a sheep; and Allen plays, among other wonders, a sperm cell, a libidinous fail-

ure named Victor Shakapopolis, a spider, and a court jester caught by a king in the arms of a queen. For the film, Allen has written sketches starring Burt Reynolds, Heather MacRae, Lynn Redgrave and John Carradine as victims of everything from satyriasis to frigidity. Sex is certain to escalate Woody's current price for writing and directing a film to 10% of the gross. So why is this man weeping?

Family Curse. Well, according to Woody, his ascent has been a series of painful falls. Success hasn't changed him, Allen insists: he's still a schlemiel. "I'm afraid of the dark and suspicious of the light," he says. "I have an intense desire to return to the womb—anybody's." Ineptitude, Woody goes on, is a family curse. The Allens date back to Rome, where they catered orgies. They later surfaced in England in 1500—they wanted to go to Italy for the Renaissance, but couldn't get hotel reservations. They came finally to Brooklyn, where, when Woody was born, the family put a Teddy bear—a live one—into his crib. As a boy, Woody was heavily burdened by the Judaeo-Christian tradition: "When we played softball, I'd steal second, then feel guilty and go back." He wanted a dog desperately, but there was no money. "So my parents got me an ant. I called it Spot."

Obscurity and hard luck dogged him as an adult. He got married, but in union there was alimony. "I kept putting my wife under a pedestal." True, he has



• *It is impossible to experience one's own death objectively and still carry a tune.* •

enjoyed outside success, but Allen is 5 ft. 6 in. and 122 lbs.; almost everything he tries on is too large. His new book, *Getting Even*, contains a capsule biography of the author. The last line: "His one regret in life is that he is not someone else."

If not Woody, who? Nobody, really. The Allen persona—the urban boy-chick as social misfit—is, of course, an act, a put-on, no more the real performer than Chaplin's tramp or Jack Benny's miser. Still it does contain grains of truth, along with lecithin, gum arabic and .2% sodium benzoate to retard spoilage. Like all great comedians, Allen consumes his roots, and very often the public schlep prechaun blurs into the private comic who would rather talk about anything but himself. As he admits, even his most outrageous gags are a form of autobiography, a reflection in the amusement-park mirror he calls a mind.

He was born Allen Stewart Konigsberg in Flatbush. His father, Martin Konigsberg, had a light brush with show biz—he once served as a waiter at Sammy's Bowery Follies—but spent most of his life dabbling in the jewelry business. A poor boy in the urban maze is usually a constant dreamer. Sometimes he dreams of sex: young Allen Stewart, as Woody recalls, was preoccupied with girls whose bodies wouldn't quit probably because his own seemed to give up when he was 14. Sometimes he dreams of assuming authority—or flouting it. In high school, Allen tried to become a featherweight boxer, and spent many an afternoon fleeing the truant officer. Out of experience came a typical self-deprecatory gag: "I wanted to be an FBI man," Woody will moan. "But you have to be



ALLEN & KEATON ON SET OF "PLAY IT AGAIN, SAM"

five-foot-seven and have 20/20 vision. Then I toyed with becoming a master criminal—but you have to be five-foot-seven and have 20/20 vision."

This ability to merchandise his misery provided Allen's escape from the ghetto. His IQ may have been astronomical, but the figures on his exams at Midwood High School bottomed out below C level. "It was a school for emotionally disturbed teachers," he says. "I failed to make the chess team because of my height." Lines like that fractured Allen Konigsberg's fellow juniors. For laughs—and a few bread crumbs—the class clown sent them on to columnists under an assumed name.

"My first printed joke," he recalls, "was in a gossip column. It read: 'Woody Allen says he ate at a restaurant that had O.P.S. prices—over people's salaries.'" Dreadful by any standards, and thus ideal for the likes of Winchell, Ed Sullivan and Earl Wilson, whose columns ate up more material than the gypsy moth caterpillar. Allen placed a dozen lines at a time. Their frequency, if not their quality, caught the notice of a pressagent named Dave Alber, who signed up Woody, then 17, to write japes for other people's credit. "Every day after school," he remembers, "I would take the subway to Manhattan, and knock out 30 to 40 gags for famous people to say. I was thrilled. I thought I was in the heart of show business."

It was more like the appendix. His salary was a miserable \$25 a week. After a false start as a collegian at New York University and City College, he went back to being a full-time funnyman—first for the late Herb Shriner (for \$75 a week), then for Singer Pat Boone, Garry Moore, Art Carney and Sid Caesar. By the time he went to work for Caesar, Woody was making \$1,500 a week. He had also acquired three new fields to mine for comedy: an apartment, an analyst, and a wife, Harlene Rosen. He was 19, she was 16. The marriage lasted five netting, unsettling years. Allen learned to deal with melancholy by furnishing it with a punch line. "For a while we pondered whether to take a vacation or get a divorce. We decided that a trip to Bermuda is over in two weeks, but a divorce is something you always have."

Vulgar Parlance. The gag illustrates Allen's reliance on a comic device that is as old as Aristophanes—the principle of inversion or, in more vulgar parlance, the old switcheroo. Woody's divorce joke, in fact, is merely an updated version of a line used by Oscar Wilde in *The Importance of Being Earnest*. "If I ever get married," draws Algernon, "I'll certainly try to forget the fact... Divorces are made in Heaven." For a time, Allen used so many switches that friends in the trade referred to him as Allen Woody. He carried a sword on the street, he said, in case of an attack it turned into a cane, so people would feel sorry for him. He carried a

bullet in his breast pocket; someone threw a Bible at him and the bullet saved his life.

At parties and story conferences, Allen tossed off these lunatic lines in a tone that seemed to blush for its presumption. Only a polished comic, he thought, could do them proper justice. So Allen's managers, Jack Rollins and Charlie Joffe, decided to buff him until he shone. After all, 15% of a writer's salary barely pays the office rent. But 15% of a star...

In 1961 Allen made his debut as a performer at a dim Greenwich Village *boite* called the Duplex. It was a fairly unusual premiere: few audiences, after all, have ever seen a man turn pale green every night. "It was the worst year of my life," admits Woody. "I'd feel this fear in my stomach every morning, the minute I woke up, and it would be there until I went on at 11 o'clock at night. I was trying to be cerebral. I was writing for dogs with high-pitched ears."

Making Tracks. There were few bars and many bites. Even Joffe confesses, "Woody was just awful. Of course he had good lines. But he was so scared and embarrassed and—rabbity. If you gave him an excuse not to go on, he'd take it. Woody quit five or six times. We'd sit up all night talking him out of it."

Eventually, though, the rabbit began making tracks. The Blue Angel in New York, Mister Kelly's in Chicago, the hungry i in San Francisco, all booked Allen. Soon the head scratching, the awkward pauses, the double-knit eyebrows and paranoid chatter went public on the talk shows. There were bits and pieces of humor drawn from Allen's wrestling matches with his head candler, but mostly he talked about his old neighborhood, where the kids were so tough they stole hubcaps from moving cars. His parents, Woody said, believed in God and carpeting. As for Harlene, he described her as "extremely childish. One time I was taking a bath and, for no reason at all, she came in and sank my boats."

Here again were fragments of truth. The undersized childhood, the suffocating early years, the immature marriage, all were carefully packaged for retail. "My material was really true," he confesses, "except that it was exaggerated."

Sometimes surrealistically. He spoke of the modern artist who tried to cut off his ear with an electric razor, the Eskimo crooner who sang *Night and Day* for six months at a time—and the twelve fugitives from a chain gang who escaped by posing as an immense charm bracelet.

The late Producer Charles Feldman thought gags like that belonged on the



ALLEN EDITING HIS NEW FILM

screen. He signed Woody, then at the Blue Angel, to write the script for a bathroom farce called *What's New, Pussycat?* The lines were awful and so was Woody; in a small part, he gave a convincing imitation of a man badly frightened by a producer. With *Pussycat*, says Allen, "I learned something about picturemaking. When you're making a big picture for \$4,000,000, there are a lot of people around, and they tell you they are protecting the investment. They wanted a girl-girl sex-sex picture to make a fortune. I had something else in mind. They got a girl-girl sex-sex picture which made a fortune."

More than \$14 million, in fact—enough to assure him of a second shot at film making. Before that, he played, improbably, the nephew of one 007 in *Casino Royale*. Allen got no scenarist's credit for the film, but audiences could sense his touch throughout. "I have a



• If Man were immortal, do you realize what his meat bills would be? •

SHOW BUSINESS & TV

low threshold of death," he bleated in one scene, as a firing squad counted down, aiming their rifles at his sunken chest.

In addition to his movie work, Woody put together his first record album (based on his nightclub routines) and wrote his first play—*Don't Drink the Water*, about a typical New Jersey family mistaken for spies in Eastern Europe. He had acquired the ultimate badge of show-biz success: his first divorce. Harlene later sued him for defamation of character, citing his repeated insults on the *Tonight Show*. ("The Museum of Natural History took her shoe and, based on her measurement, they reconstructed a dinosaur.") In 1966 Allen was married again, this time to Actress Louise Lasser, daughter of S. Jay Lasser, the tax expert. Woody could have used a little of his father-in-law's advice: his income was around \$250,000 a year.

Perfect Sense. It is the mark of the eccentric that he considers himself normal; it is only the world that views him as odd. To Allen, the East 79th Street duplex in Manhattan that he now shared with Louise made perfect sense. It had a striking Aubusson rug, a Tiffany lamp, a newly decorated interior. His old apartment had contained a bed in the middle of the floor—and little else. The new main room held a billiard table—and nothing else. The ceilings concealed tiny spotlights to illuminate pictures on the walls. But there were no pictures on the walls. The Nolde watercolor, the Kokoschka drawing and the Gloria Vanderbilt paintings were stacked up somewhere, awaiting the decision that their owner could not make. The Wurlitzer jukebox was loaded with records but remained unplugged.

Woody scarcely had time to enjoy



• Not only is there no God, but try getting a plumber on weekends. •

his oddly luxurious surroundings. He worked, in fact, with a demonic, almost humorless passion—writing parodies and vignettes for *The New Yorker*, conducting new nightclub and television routines, searching vainly for the ultimate one-liner. Sporadically, he took time out to spice up campaign speeches for New York City Mayor John Lindsay. He also co-authored, directed and starred in a hilarious, self-inflicted wound of a film called *Take the Money and Run*. It was the first movie over which Allen had total control, and the first in which the quintessential Allen style surfaced, blemishes and all.

Money. the saga of an inept robbing hood, was hip, paranoid and eclectic, and it had the fuzzy continuity of a fever dream—rather like the early Marx Brothers movies, or the last films of W.C. Fields. It also had a fine eye for the human cartoon. Allen, playing the master criminal of his youthful fantasies, stands by while a bank teller tries to decipher his scrawl: "I have a gub." The holdup man insists that the word is "gun"; the teller consults higher authorities, thereby spiking the heist. Even Allen's penmanship, it turns out, is masochistic. Occasionally there was a flat, tasteless line, but audiences howled, and the film made money. Allen took it and ran.

In 1969 he wrote and starred in a Broadway hit play about a recently divorced typist with an acute inability to score. The show, not surprisingly, coincided with the breakup of his marriage to Louise Lasser. *Play It Again, Sam*—even brighter in the film than on stage—features the visible shade of Humphrey Bogart in *Casablanca*, plus several unseen ghosts. "I never had a teacher who made the least impression on me," Woody says. "If you ask me who are my heroes, the answer is simple and truthful: George S. Kaufman and the Marx Brothers." In *Play It Again, Sam*, they are all over the screen; yet somehow Woody's strabismic vision always remains completely his own. Even Groucho Marx declares, "They say Allen got something from the Marx Brothers. He didn't. He's an original. The best. The funniest."

Willing Writer. Allen's spoken words often have a slapdash, off-the-cuff quality—most outrageously displayed in his film *What's Up, Tiger Lily?*, a Japanese melodrama bearing Woody's hilarious non-sequitur dubbing. Yet his written prose displays the tongue-and-groove perfectionism of a genuine craftsman. "Allen is a marvel of a willing and hard-working writer," says Roger Angell, fiction editor of *The New Yorker*. "The first things he submitted to us were funny, but not really written; one heard a stand-up comic—good jokes, but just jokes. Allen has made himself an accomplished writer."

How accomplished can be seen in a delicious parody called *Death Knocks*. Woody's screwball homage to Ingmar Bergman's *The Seventh Seal*. In Allen's

piece, the game is not chess but gin rummy, and the role of the crusader is played by Nat Ackerman, a dress manufacturer. Death refuses to pay for his losses. "Why should you need money?" Ackerman inquires. Death: "What are you talking about? You're going to the Beyond—you know how far that is?" Ackerman: "So?" Death: "So where's gas? Where's tolls?" Nat: "We're going by car!" The Chrysler to oblivion could easily have been concocted by S.J. Perelman. The master parodist's influence shows in another sketch, *Notes from the Overfed*. Allen writes, after reading Dostoevsky and *Weight Watchers* magazine on the same plane trip: "I am fat.



ALLEN & TIGER LILY IN "WHAT'S UP"



WITH LOUISE LASSER IN "BANANAS"

I am disgustingly fat... My fingers are fat. My wrists are fat. My eyes are fat... If there is a God, then tell me, Uncle, why there is poverty and baldness? Why are our days numbered and not, say, lettered?"

In *A Look at Organized Crime*, he fearlessly exposes the blood code of the Mafia ("Death is one of the worst things that can happen to a Cosa Nostra member, and many prefer simply to pay a fine"). In this, and in most of his other recent pieces, Allen displays a debt to the creator of the *Blind Explanation*, Robert Benchley ("There is no such place as Budapest"). "Benchley has become a new idol for me," Allen says today. "Perhaps because everybody else also imitates Perelman's complicated style. I've tried to get simpler, like

Benchley, and to write about subjects that really concern me."

Such as? "Well, from the time I get up till the time I get to sleep, I think constantly about sex and death." In this he is not too dissimilar from the rest of humankind. But there is a dark side to Allen's obsession that occasionally hovers above the laughter. From the beginning, for instance, he has been fond of ambiguous God jokes: "The message is, God is love, and you should lay off fatty foods." God references appear throughout his films and sketches. In a piece called *Mr. Big*, Allen, a hard-cooked private I, is on the lookout for the Supreme Being. "Some-

times, serious looks on Woody's face. He communicates through silence."

Sometimes the shadow of Bergman is unrecognizably fitted with cap and bells. In *Bananas*, Allen's most personal film, two groups of cloaked mourners carrying crucified figures from some penitential Latin ritual vie for the same parking space; the solemnity of the processional dissolves into a hilarious brawl. The devout might wince at the seeming irreverence, but everything is insubstantial in Allen's anything-for-a-one-liner aesthetic. The script's most outrageous joke has a buxom black woman taking the stand and giving her name: "J. Edgar Hoover." "I didn't have that joke until the woman came in for casting," recalls Allen. "She looked like Hoover, so I wrote it in." Funny. Yet, as Nietzsche observed, a joke is an epitaph on an emotion. In the Allen oeuvre, there is sometimes a certain lack of real feeling, a casual and unconcerned irreverence that sows salt in its own turf.

Sex Comedy. Allen simply cannot leave sacred cows unbutchered. Sometimes he is killingly funny; other times, he is overkillingly vulgar. He is likely to be considered both, with *Everything You Always Wanted to Know About Sex*. "It's the first real sex comedy," he says. "I don't think *Pillow Talk* or *It Happened One Night* are sex comedies. I'm talking about everything from achieving orgasm to homosexuality to prostitution. In this movie we go outside, through, around and inside the body. I may never get another date."

A recent film asked the question: *Is There Sex after Death?* For Allen, the interrogation should be reversed. Will there be Death after Sex?

"Well—in a way," he answers. "This summer, for the first time in my life, I'm going to write a deadly serious play—a pure drama."

At this, the Allenite experiences an involuntary shudder. When the clown plays Hamlet, the experience is almost invariably catastrophic. And when he writes it... Is this the end of the paranoid's paranoid?

"Woody will never let go of the comic character," predicts his pal Dick Cavett. "Of all the things he's worked on, the one that took the most energy and revision was his own stand-up routine. And he never turns off his comic mind. We can be talking away at a cash register after lunch and he'll start scribbling a new one-liner on the back of the check." Besides, Woody couldn't stop being funny if he wanted to. No one watching him in *Play It Again, Sam* as he holds up a record jacket, only to have the LP take off like a Frisbee, can doubt the words of an agent who recently watched Woody trip over his shoelaces on Fifth Avenue. "My God," he said, "he's a natural."

So he is. It takes no tarot deck to foresee a day, 30 years hence, when the last surviving movie theaters will be mounting Woody Allen festivals con-



“All literature is a footnote to Faust. I have no idea what I mean by that.”

taining hours of the best sight and sound gags of the epoch.

But can Allen be something more than the undisputed master of one-liners? Can he actually write an unfrivolous play? A serious work? In his own apartment on Upper Fifth Avenue, Woody Allen remains as curious as the next man—and the next man, he worries, is tapping the phone and peering through the keyhole. The pad is neo-classic Allen. The windows have been widened, the duplex thoroughly decorated ("It looks," says Cavett, "like the set for the George Arliss movie, *The Man Who Played God*"). On the terrace, the meticulously arranged Japanese garden features live plants and coiled-up rubber snakes to frighten away the pigeons. One afternoon, a rubber snake fell from the terrace and landed on a lady below. She sued, of course.

In the Sunshine. A few other aspects of the comic's life are new: his steady girl friend Diane Keaton, for instance, the best friend's winsomely sympathetic wife in *Play It Again, Sam*. He has learned how to relax by playing a competent clarinet in a traditional Dixieland band in public—sans gags. But Allen remains wedded to a demonic schedule. "Woody's life is his work," says Diane. "He is just not a relaxer. I can't imagine him lounging around the pool in the sunshine in that white skin." Admits Woody: "I have to work every day. Otherwise I hear voices nagging me on and on." The voices are no longer of parents or classmates, managers or audiences. "The only race I run now," Allen figures, "is with myself."

It is a race worth running, even on a muddy track, and with tough competition. And suppose the rabbit were to go all the way—Woody Allen, dramatist. That just might be what Allen Stewart Konigsberg has been searching for all his life: the biggest one-liner of them all



WITH APHRODITE IN STAND-UP ROUTINE

body with that description just showed up at the morgue," the cops tell him. "It's the work of an existentialist." How can you tell? he argues. "Haphazard way how it was done. Doesn't seem to be any system followed. Impulse."

Allen admits that such lines are made of barbed wire. "I write comically because things look that way to me," he says. "But I'm deadly serious. I don't watch funny movies: I watch Ingmar Bergman. He's concerned with the silence of God, and in some small way, so am I. I keep watching movies like *The Seventh Seal* or *Shame* again and again and again." Indeed, as Actor Wilder recalls the making of *Everything You Always Wanted to Know About Sex*, "it was like walking on a Bergman set, people talking in whis-

THE PRESS

Guess Who's Coming To the Conventions

In this security-conscious election year, the Secret Service is asking reporters who will be covering the conventions to fill out personal questionnaires. The forms require, among other things, the individual's Social Security number and place of birth. A few of the responses are likely to startle the service. Some publications are reaching far afield for big or bizarre names who will be going to Miami Beach more as impressionists than journalists.

Esquire again gets the prize for unusual choices. In 1968 the magazine recruited Playwright Jean Genet, Novelist William Burroughs, Satirist Terry Southern and Poet Allen Ginsberg. This time the *Esquire* group is to include Guenrikh Borovik, 43, former U.S. correspondent for the Soviet news agency Novosti and writer for *Izvestia* and *Pravda*. He will team with Jack Chen, 63, a Eurasian who travels on a Trinidad passport and wrote for *Peking Review* and *People's Daily* while living in mainland China from 1950 until last year. To round out this summer's roster, *Esquire* will have the services of Novelist William Styron.

Non-Fan. Norman Mailer, who represented *Harper's* last time, will write for *LIFE* this year. He will have a chance to compete with one of his more prominent non-fans, Feminist Germaine Greer, who will carry the *Harper's* colors at the Democratic Convention. For the Republican, *Harper's* is switching to Novelist-Playwright Kurt Vonnegut. The monthly's rival *Atlantic* is avoiding the name game. Says Managing Editor Michael Janeway: "We don't think it's the year for that. Some

good, hard digging will be needed to cover this convention."

The Chicago *Sun-Times* will have regular staffers do the spadework, but is also sending Novelist Irving Wallace with a mandate that is typical for such high-priced talent. "He can write about anything he wants to," says Editorial Director Emmett Dedmon of the parent Field Enterprises, Inc., "and he probably will."

Television for the most part is sticking with familiar faces. Theodore H. White will once again offer insights to Walter Cronkite and CBS's audience while he ponders the making of the next President. Chet Huntley has long since defected to American Airlines, so NBC's John Chancellor will serve as straight man for David Brinkley. Conservative William Buckley has switched both networks and adversaries. In 1968 he exchanged bitchy broadsides with Gore Vidal on ABC; this time he will have morning jousts with John Kenneth Galbraith, Harvard's liberal economist, on NBC's *Today* show.

The enormous cost of covering conventions has caused all three television networks to cut back on low-level staff and camera crews in order to stay within a total budget of \$22 million for this year's meetings. CBS will have only 30 cameras in Miami, v. 51 in Chicago four years ago, and has reduced manpower from 725 to 525. NBC has cut its convention staff by 40%, but claims that the use of more mobile units will improve overall coverage. Newspapers are not immune to the cost squeeze either; the *New York Times* has shrunk its convention contingent to 36, from 51 four years ago. But the *Washington Post* has increased its headcount from 32 to 44 and, because more U.S. and foreign papers will be sending staffers than ever before, the overall size of the press corps will reach a record of nearly 7,500 for the Democratic Convention.

Lightning Strike. Some papers plan to cut back for the Republican Convention in August because of the lack of suspense. But visions of Chicago in 1968 are still fresh, and many editors feel that more staff may actually be needed for the G.O.P. meeting, which is likely to attract more protesters and carry a higher potential for violence. As a precaution, the *Washington Star* will have such riot gear as hard hats and gas masks available for its staff at both conventions.

Miami Beach will not be the only resort drawing political coverage. Edward Kennedy took himself firmly out of the running last week and expects to stay at Hyannisport, Mass., during the Democratic Convention. But at least one network and a number of newspapers have booked motel rooms near by for the week beginning July 10—just in case some lightning strikes there anyway.



TIME COLUMNIST TOM WICKER

Into the Trap

Journalists must be ever mindful of the mousetrap. They must make sure that personal preferences do not lead them into unquestioning acceptance or rejection of a candidate's political views. Last week, mousetrapped by George McGovern, whom he admires, *New York Times* Columnist Tom Wicker performed a manful act. He chastised McGovern and apologized for allowing himself—and his readers—to be misled.

The issue was McGovern's complicated and controversial proposals for changing the welfare system and redistributing income. In preparation for his June 4 column, Wicker spoke to McGovern aides and received from them a seven-page explanation of the program's arithmetic. The resulting article was plainly sympathetic to McGovern's approach. But specifics of the plan have been so seriously questioned by experts (*TIME*, June 26) that McGovern has waffled on the subject.

Last week Wicker laid out some of the questionable points in the McGovern math, which he said had been "accepted far too uncritically, with the result that the McGovern income program was made, in this column, to seem more practical and carefully worked out than it is." By implication, he admitted that like any professional, he should have double-checked the figures with disinterested experts. Wicker continues to support McGovern's general ideas about sharing the wealth, but declined to take himself—or the candidate—off the hook. What matters, he said, "is that expert economic analysis so impugns the program that it was either extremely careless or deceptive to put it forward in that form."

The moral, said Wicker, was clear. "This was a journalistic sin for which responsibility is hereby accepted; it was also reaffirmation of the cardinal lesson that every political reporter learns and re-learns—that everything said and done by politicians seeking or holding power has to be constantly challenged."



FEMINIST GERMAINE GREER
Startling impressionists.

BOOKS

Faith and Good Works

OPEN HEART

by FREDERICK BUECHNER

276 pages, Atheneum, \$5.95.

As usual the substance of the book is Frederick Buechner's amiable conviction that the hound of heaven is a wet spaniel, apt to shake himself at any moment and shower a man with faith and grace. What is also unsettling, in this successful sequel to Buechner's *Lion Country*, is the considerable attention but negligible weight that this gifted and amusing writer gives to earthly matters.

The hero of *Open Heart*, for instance, a moony young teacher named Antonio Parr, runs up and down his emotional scales several times when he learns that his wife has slept with his young nephew. But there is no real danger that he will follow his impulse and in revenge take his 17-year-old student Laura to bed. In fact there are no real dangers of any kind in Buechner's gentle world. Death, pain and anxiety exist, but are seen small; the hideous, wasting illness that kills Antonio's twin sister at the beginning of *Lion Country* is worth little more than a sad smile.

In the earlier novel, with a dim notion of writing an exposé, Antonio became involved with the formidable Leo Bebb, a sleazy but possibly genuine faith healer who cranked an ordination-by-mail divinity mill in Armadillo, Fla. It turned out that Bebb was quite capable of exposing himself. After he did so, raising up his loins in thanksgiving at the climactic moment of a healing ritual held to restore the sexual potency of a wealthy Indian chief, he had to leave town one jump ahead of the law. But by then Bebb's daughter Sharon had an occasion to cure Antonio of his chastity.

The humor of *Open Heart* runs less to slapstick (perhaps because Bebb already has done most of his turns) and more to De Vriesian one-liners: "I knew that I had to get away that day—their fresh-faced guilt was too great a reproach to my shifty-eyed innocence," Antonio, the narrator of both novels, is five years older in the new one, and he has coalesced to the point where sometimes it is possible to get a look at him. He travels west, returns home, encounters an acquaintance of Bebb who just may be a demon. He accepts cuckoldry, the inevitability of middle age, odd scraps of joy, the possibility that Bebb once raised a man from the dead.

Through it all, Antonio remains essentially an equivocal but clever device to help the author work things out in his head. Given this undisguised sketchiness in a central character, it is something of a mystery how Buechner has

produced a live, warm, wise comic novel. And yet that is exactly what, in all shifty-eyed innocence, he has done.

An impression of raffish knowledgeability is what a writer tries to establish when he lists his accomplishments for the inside back flap of his novel's dust jacket. It is thus very good to be able to put down, as Novelist Barry Hannah did on the jacket of *Geronimo Rex*, "troubleshooter in a turkey-pressing plant." It is not so good to write "Presbyterian minister," and Frederick Buechner, who interrupted his writing career for several years to take a degree at Union Theological Seminary and become a minister, admits that he has thought of publishing his novels un-



FREDERICK BUECHNER
Splashes of grace.

der an assumed name. As things are, he says some reviewers tend to review not the novels but the sermons they are sure must be hidden inside.

No suspicious secularist would be reassured by Buechner's working habits. He lives in a comfortable white frame house on an unfarmed farm in southern Vermont. For discipline, the author knots on a necktie and travels a few miles to an office in the parish house of the Manchester Episcopal Church. For three months last winter, when the church was without a regular pastor, he preached the Sunday sermons. He feels sure that none of his temporary parishioners, most of whom are elderly women, has read a line of his fiction.

Discovered in the late afternoon, lugging a bale of hay into his new horse barn, the author bears no trace of the morning's necktie. He is fairly tall, fairly well on into his forties (6 ft., 48 years),

He looks like a prep-school teacher, and was once; he established the religion department at Exeter, and taught there for several years. Buechner has eight horses on the payroll, apparently the minimum for a city man who moves to the country with a wife and three young daughters. The girls also have a goat, a tribe of chickens, and a pig which Buechner brought home in a sack last fall, and which has since grown to the girth of an alderman. "Get a pig," he recommends. "Friendly, well-mannered, clean, follows you anywhere." He is working now on a kind of devil's dictionary of religious terms, and doesn't know whether there will be another novel about Antonio and Bebb. "Maybe; I don't really know the truth about Bebb—I see him only through Antonio's eyes, and I'm curious."

So are Buechner's readers likely to be. His career clearly is moving through one of those second acts which are supposed not to occur in American lives. His first novel, a mannered, Jamesian confection called *A Long Day's Dying*, had a splashy success in 1950, when Buechner was barely out of Princeton. He wrote another novel without really consolidating his reputation as a bright boy who had scored early. Then, "somewhat to the astonishment of my family and friends," came the decision to study theology.

For a good many years Buechner's religious experiences did not seem digestible, at least in literary terms. His fourth novel, for instance, *The Final Beast*, published in 1965, was an embarrassing attempt to deal with the strangeness of being a pastor. Buechner, however, seems to have found an acceptable way to deal with religious mysteries in fiction. His stratagem is to leave the very existence of such mysteries an open question. As a faith healer Bebb is certainly half a fraud, and possibly two halves of one. But Antonio accepts Bebb without worrying much about his genuineness, and the reader is left with the lightest and least insistent of uncertainties. Another question is left, too: whether this indefiniteness is merely tact, or a measure of the author's own uncertainty. However a reader may decide that, Frederick Buechner is a talented writer clearly bound somewhere, and an interesting man to watch.

■ John Skow

Rachel Revisited

MY MICHAEL

by AMOS OZ

287 pages, Knopf, \$6.95.

"One winter's day at nine o'clock in the morning, I slipped coming downstairs. A young stranger caught me by the elbow. His hand was strong and full of restraint. I saw short fingers with flat nails. Pale fingers with soft black down on the knuckles." Thus Hannah, a pre-

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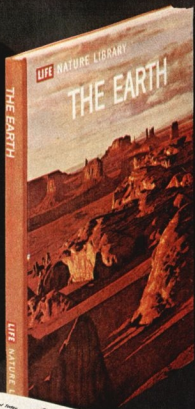
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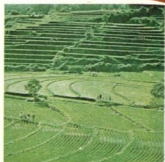
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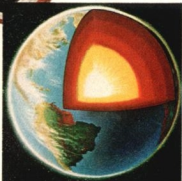
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ty young student at Jerusalem's Hebrew University, met a geologist-to-be named Michael Gonen. This novel by the popular Israeli writer Amos Oz is Hannah's first-person account of her ten-year marriage to Michael. The sentences fall like the drip drip drip of the rain on Hannah's Jerusalem, and what the voice within her keeps repeating is "me, me, me."

Hannah moves through her marriage and her life with the scornful arrogance of an unpublished poet who has not gone to the trouble of actually writing a poem. Her habitual comment on her husband's remarks is, "That's trite." She takes no pleasure in his success, feels remote from her young son and declares herself as bored with her own hard-working contemporaries as she is with the older generation's memories.

She has long and complex erotic dreams. Mostly she dreams of two Arab boys, twins she grew up with in a village outside Jerusalem. In the games they played, "I was a princess, and they were my bodyguard, I was a conqueror and they my officers, I was an explorer, and they my native bearers." Now the Arabs are the enemy, and Hannah dreams of them as lovers and kidnapers, "dark and lithe, a pair of strong gray wolves," from whom she wishes to be rescued. At journal's end, the long-suffering Michael is helping a glamorous blonde finish her thesis. Hannah takes this as the end of her love, and the reader can only wonder what took so long.

Yet *My Michael* was a smashing success in austere, beleaguered Israel. Why? Author Amos Oz, 32, a leading dove among Israelis and a hero of the discontented young leftist groups, sees the novel as a kind of allegory: "It hit an open nerve in the heart of Israelis. They saw in it a life without perspective. A nation in turmoil that dreams of relations with the Arabs."

There may be a germ of truth here. The passion that animated the early founders of Zion has cooled. The new passionate people are the Arab fedayeen, and in some small dark recess of the national psyche, the Israelis are jealous. In particular, the not-so-young married women who are the book's most fervent admirers have found in Hannah a vicarious release from the unromantic demands of industrialized nation building.

■ A.T. Boker

Mad World! Mad Kings!

PSYCHOPATHS

by ALAN HARRINGTON
288 pages. Simon & Schuster, \$7.95.

Why does Joy, the ex-wife of a famous actor, have an affair with a crude young writer named Vincent? And why does Vincent keep beating her up?

Why does Lewis Hoaglund, the conglomerate tycoon who likes to fire people as brutally as possible, have a huge machine in his backyard that has no

function except to clank and sputter?

Why does Lore feel that she has to spend her evenings tutoring young Paul in English? And why did Paul first kill Lore's dog and then attack her and set her house on fire?

Because they're all psychopaths, says Alan Harrington. About 20 years ago, Harrington wrote an extraordinary novel called *The Revelations of Dr. Modesto*, which told of a young man's efforts to live by Dr. Modesto's mysterious philosophy of "centrism." If one could get to the center of any given situation, the center of any office or even any street corner, then success would inevitably follow. Customers rushed up to the successful centrist and demanded to buy whatever he was selling—life insurance policies, even neckties. But the



SOCIAL CRITIC ALAN HARRINGTON
Outlaws are coming.

young man felt a certain hollowness at the center of his life, and so he set out to find Dr. Modesto. At the very center of the U.S., he found an insane asylum, and as he approached it, he saw other gray-suited centrists streaming toward it from all directions; and in the central cell of the asylum, he finally saw the mad figure of Dr. Modesto, who cried out: "Let my sons in!"

Since then, Harrington, 53, has sampled and written about many varieties of American life. He worked for a time in the public relations department of a gigantic corporation (*Life in the Crystal Palace*), and he indulged in the New York LSD scene (*The Secret Swinger*). Throughout his adventures—he has now taken refuge with a wife and two children in an adobe cottage near Tucson, Ariz.—he has remained obsessed with the vision of Dr. Modesto, that we all live in the conditions stated by Fal-

conbridge in *King John*: "Mad world! Mad kings! Mad composition!"

There once was an age of reason, Harrington believes, in which Western civilization subscribed to the bourgeois standards—work hard, seek virtue—and it naturally condemned the psychopath as a madman (the Marquis de Sade) or an outlaw (Billy the Kid). But throughout most of this century, he argues, the psychopaths have been gaining—first tolerated, now triumphant as dictators of the contemporary style of life.

The psychopath, as Harrington defines him, is not just an exaggerated version of the neurotic, afraid to walk under a ladder. He is the new man, free from either anxiety or remorse, cold, bored, self-isolated, adventurous, seductive when he wants to be. Or as Harrington lists some types: "Drunkards and forgers, addicts, flower children... Mafia loan shark battering his victim, charming actor, murderer, nomadic guitarist, hustling politician, the saint who lies down in front of tractors, icily dominating Nobel Prize winner stealing credit from laboratory assistants... all, all doing their thing."

In this more or less nonfiction book, Harrington illustrates his thesis with a number of pseudonymous melodramas (Joy, Hoaglund and the rest), but he has a difficult time in trying to figure out what we should do about "the outlaws [who] have arrived massively on our scene and now confront us."

The first line of defense is what less high-strung observers might call simple paranoia. Harrington himself tells the story of visiting a friend in San Francisco and pulling down the blinds because, he says, "I found myself explaining that in the exposed living room I made too easy a target." But at the end the author also finds himself explaining that psychopaths have certain valuable qualities: their daring mocks our caution, their sense of self shames our self-effacement. Swept on by his own rhetoric, Harrington concludes with a bizarre version of the New Mysticism, in which the psychopath and the good soldier both partake in a hallucinogenic communion at what he calls the Church of Rebirth. After all those exhortations, however, one finds oneself agreeing with the friend who discovered Harrington in the darkened living room in San Francisco. "For Christ's sake! He shouted, yanking open the blinds. 'How can you live that way?'" ■ Otto Friedrich

Three Friends

THE LATE JOHN MARQUAND
by STEPHEN BIRMINGHAM
322 pages. Lippincott, \$10.

J.P. Marquand was one of the shrewdest and best popular fiction writers of the century. He longed to write a modern *Madame Bovary*, but instead produced solid novels about upper middle class entanglements and sagas of newcomers struggling to join the ranks.

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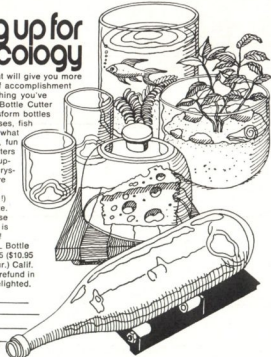
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BOOKS

His best books—*The Late George Arley, Point of No Return*—are subtle social and moral commentaries.

Marquand was somewhat like his heroes. Born in very comfortable circumstances, he liked to point out that his family had been gentry in the old town of Newburyport, Mass., since 1732. But his feckless father lost all his money by the time John was 14. He was forced to attend public high school, endure four years of Harvard without benefit of a club, and start his climb in the social world as a writer of magazine serials. By middle age, he was a smart, stingy, sardonic man who had perfected a mellifluous prose style and the art of making money.

It is questionable whether Stephen Birmingham (*Our Crowd*) should have persevered in writing this biography at all. He failed to get the Marquand family's cooperation and seems to have done little digging on his own. He even neglects to mention when Marquand was born. There is not a single specific incident from his childhood, no material whatever on his experiences at Newburyport High. The Harvard chapter is a discourse that could have come out of the author's *The Right People*.

What Birmingham did get was the complete cooperation of Marquand's longtime friends and agents, Carol Brandt and her late husband Carl of the literary agency Brandt & Brandt. With a few revisions the book could have been called *Three Friends*, or even *Carol and John*. When the Brandts enter Marquand's life, the writing suddenly gets some real texture. We know about weather, clothing, whether drinks were drunk or ice cream spoons licked. We also find out what pleased Marquand and what annoyed him; which situations he could face and which ones he ran out on.

He always fled from domestic problems. He was married twice, first to an ethereal aristocrat who declined to keep house, then to an heiress who tried to run his life. According to Birmingham, Marquand behaved badly to both, absenting himself for long periods of time or berating them publicly. He liked to mimic and mock them, and Birmingham unfortunately lets that tone of parody carry over into his own writing.

Carol Brandt, with whom Marquand had a long, open love affair, seems to have been the only woman who could cope with him. She also seems to have given him a measure of contentment. Yet despite Birmingham's efforts to make her the book's heroine, she comes off as an odd mixture of brazenness and complacency—arranging an abortion for one of John's other girls, supervising travel plans for him and his infuriated second wife.

The literary bedroom gossip in this insubstantial book has already caused both talk and sales. There seems to be a special fascination in the sex life of a man who could not write a bedroom scene to save his life.

■ Martha Duffy

THE THEATER

Joe Papp: Populist and Imperialist

By my plays ye shall know me," says Joseph Papp. He has never written a play but he has given life to many, and as an innovative impresario he exerts enormous influence. Each of the works produced in the Downtown Manhattan beehive called the Public Theater bears the Papp stamp. "That's my job," he says. "Oh, yes, that's my job! I'm very good at saving plays, you know." Some would add, at saving the American stage. He himself observes with characteristic modesty: "I am the most important producer on Broadway, off-Broadway—in the U.S."

His ambition is, if possible, even bigger than his ego, and he is now talking about taking theater—his kind of rough, tough, he-man theater—to national audiences, even those that think that Manhattan is an island halfway between Sodom and Gomorrah. Beyond that, there is of course TV, and if Papp has his way, the ether will soon be saturated with drama in the Papp manner. A greasepaint Napoleon, he encompasses the theatrical world. As he opens New York City's 16th annual Shakespeare Festival in Central Park this week with a production of *Hamlet* starring Stacy Keach, congratulations—even self-congratulations—are indeed in order.

In a year when Broadway has been suffering from an acute attack of the blahs, Papp's Public Theater has aroused and moved audiences with such plays as David Rabe's *Sticks and Bones*, Jason Miller's *That Championship Season* and Richard Wesley's *The Black Terror*. In a season when even the tune seems to have gone out of other musicals, Papp's *Two Gentlemen of Verona*, a high-spirited rock romp, has been a huge success. A kind of joke among his more profit-conscious colleagues a few years ago, Papp now has one of the hottest tickets in town in *Two Gents*. To multiply his injury to Broadway's pride, this year his plays monopolized the major theater prizes, taking assorted Tonys and New York Drama Critics Awards.

Stupid Question. Most of all, at a time when the American playwright seems to be an endangered species, Papp is discovering that the authors are in fact there, but that eager, adventurous producers are not. "There are more new plays worthy of production than can be produced in the U.S.," he asserts. "I've got five theaters [in the downtown complex], and I don't have enough space to do the plays I could do in a season here." During this season he has been responsible for eleven new productions; because of his reputation, he is receiving 40 to 50 fresh scripts a week.

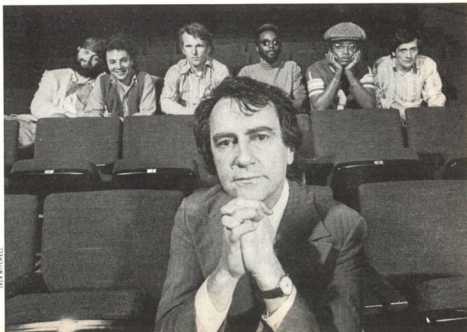
"The work he's doing—the nurtur-

ing of playwrights—is enormous," says Donald Schoenbaum, managing director of the Tyrone Guthrie Theater in Minneapolis. "His combination of brilliance and gall is untouchable." Both *No Place to Be Somebody*, Charles Gordon's Pulitzer-prizewinning play about blacks, and *Championship Season* were turned down by half a dozen other producers before they reached Papp. The original version of *Hair* was also his. Is the theater dying? Papp snorts at such a stupid question. "You accept the fact that you're alive. I accept the fact that theater exists."

Unlike Britain's National Theater, which under Laurence Olivier has become an actors' company, or the Royal Shakespeare Company, which under Peter Hall became a directors' company, Papp's Public Theater is first of all a writers' company. "Actors' theaters are dead theaters," he says, "and good directing is never visible. Any theater to be alive has to be a writers' theater." Nor, like some Continental companies, is the Public Theater guided by one principle or aesthetic. Its single commitment is to drama, and its only hallmark is openness and diversity. It occasionally encourages writers who would be better off doing something else, like pumping gas, but its commitment to good drama is unmistakable.

Papp with Wife Peggy (right) and (below) some of the playwrights he has featured at the Public Theater. From left: John Ford Noonan, Murray Mednick, David Rabe, Oyama, Ilunga Adell and Jason Miller.

Papp is pre-eminently a cultural populist who, despite his affection for serious, cerebral works, sometimes sounds like a Brooklyn-accented Spiro Agnew. Part of the problem with some community theaters, he claims, is that the "sissies"—the elite and the overeducated—are identified with them; his own education stopped with high school. "Most people in this country associate the arts with the effete," he claims, "and most theater is so pallid now. Actually the theater is a very powerful, masculine kind of thing." The one common characteristic of all of the plays that Papp produces—including a few that are just plain awful—is a kind of animal energy and movement. Miller's *Championship Season*, for example, moves so fast that though it sometimes pants from exhaustion, it never bolls. While *Two Gentlemen of Ver-*



THE THEATER

na received a few negative reviews with the raves, including one from TIME's T.E. Kalem, it does have an undeniable vitality.

This energy is often reciprocated by audiences, particularly those that turn out to see the troupes that the Shakespeare Festival sends out every summer to perform on flat-bed trucks in the outlying parts of New York City. "You get a sense of street-level energy from them," Papp says. "It's strong. It's exhilarating. Sometimes it can even be damaging when it begins to push the play out. But boy, what a fantastic energy it is! And we have to match that life energy with theater energy. Shakespeare can do that. You can more easily reach a working-class audience with Shakespeare than you can with contemporary plays." Papp reveres Shakespeare, and he is prone to such embarrassing statements as "Knowing Shakespeare as I do," and "I know him very well; I know the man, if I may say that."

Shakespeare provided not only Papp's personal lodestone, but the beginning of the Public Theater, which he started in 1953 in a Presbyterian church on East Sixth Street as the Shakespeare Workshop. "It was hard enough to imagine we could get any audience for Shakespeare down there at all," says Bernard Gersten, Papp's second in command. "let alone charge money for it. *Romeo and Juliet*? Theater? What's that?" he asks with an illustrative shrug of the shoulders. "At least we could get people in with the word 'free.'" The original budget: \$750. What was at first necessity, a free show, became an *idée fixe* to Papp, and he became convinced that his theater should be as accessible as books in the library. In 1957 the first outdoor performances were given in Central Park.

Free Shakespeare was never anything less than a struggle. Besides the usual problem of financing, Papp and his crew were beset by those, including New York's then parks commissioner, who were scandalized by the very idea of free theater. With surprising political skill and an iron will, both picked up on the streets of Brooklyn, Papp hung on, determined not only to use the park but to have the city pay part of the cost of production as well. Eventually he got his way, and in 1960 the city gave him \$60,000—revenue from subway chewing gum machines. Crisis followed crisis, but in 1971 he persuaded the city to buy the former Astor Library, a beautiful piece of Italian Renaissance Victoriana that had been destined for the wreckers' ball, and lease it to him for \$1 a year.

Though his operations will still run a projected deficit of about \$2.5 million in the fiscal year starting this month

(with revenues of \$9,000,000 to \$11 million), Papp seems on firmer ground than ever before. The principle of public subsidy has been firmly established, with a \$350,000 contribution from the city, \$200,000 from New York State and \$100,000 from Washington. Beyond that, *Two Gentlemen of Verona*, which started as a four-week production in the park last summer, has become the biggest money earner on Broadway and its profits keep alive such worthy but unprofitable plays as *Sticks and Bones*, until they find an audience of their own.

To Papp, however, deficit is no more frightening a word than any other. What would make him nervous is *surplus*, a word that he is unlikely ever to hear. Deficits keep him running. Every time he falls further into the red, it seems, he announces an even more audacious



ACTOR STACY KEACH PLAYING HAMLET
Keeping out the sissies.

program, generating enough money to pay the current debt while guaranteeing a still larger budget gap in the future. Far from disdaining money, he knows that it is only valuable when it is spent. "First Joe says, 'We'll do it,'" observes Gersten, "and after that, 'We'll see what we'll do next.'"

In fact, Papp leaves the impression that if he ever slowed down, he would stop altogether. Movement, fast movement, is as necessary for him as it is for his plays. A man of medium height, with only a few gray hairs to betray his age (51 last week), he walks so quickly that he is halfway down the street before those with him are out the door. There is no wasted motion, no nervousness, no visible temperament. For a Polish immigrant's son like Joe, proud of his plain taste and blunt speech, an artistic temperament is soft, alien to his ideals.

Aside from the occasional Cuban cigar he has bootlegged from Paris, he al-

lows himself few luxuries. He and his third wife Peggy live with their two children in an eight-room, \$240 a month, rent-controlled apartment on Broadway (upper Broadway, that is). For a man who describes himself as the most important producer in America, he pays himself a relatively small salary, something in excess of \$25,000 a year—little more than petty cash for a David Merrick.

Where will Joe's movement carry him next? Having conquered New York, he wants to help take his kind of theater to the rest of the country. "There are maybe twelve or 14 theaters now which are really professional," he says, "and I want to induce them first of all to do new plays by American authors, instead of revivals of hoary classics and reshapes of Broadway, and then to tour those plays in their own areas." He wants Washington to establish what he calls a National Theater Services Agency to ladle out the money, about \$15 million a year for openers, with \$10 million from the Federal Government and the other \$5,000,000 from private sources. "Eventually this would run to lots of money," he says, "but you'd be producing new playwrights and conserving the ones you have. Writers are an important national resource."

Bumptious Phase. His colleagues at some of the regional theaters are not entirely pleased with his notion and fear his imperialist instincts. "I think Joe is in a very bumptious phase," responds Zelda Fichandler, producing director of the Arena Stage in Washington. "He just wants to spread that which he creates around. He wants to cover more of God's green earth, and he needs green money to do it." She tartly adds: "It is only lately that he is in the new play department. He has done European things at the Public Theater."


Despite his commitment to live, national theater, Papp the populist sees an even bigger audience in television and is now dickering with CBS for four prime-time specials next season. "None of that boring *Playhouse 90* look," of course. And a Papp special would certainly not be like educational TV, the lighting on which reminds him of "prisons or hospitals, as if there is something wrong with the color of the walls. I believe in keeping drama bright and popular, reaching lots of people. We've got all sorts of things in mind, and CBS is anxious to get us—eager to get me in particular."

When he talks of future artistic empires, Papp sometimes sounds like Jay Gould, the robber baron, sometimes like Serge Diaghilev, the great impresario of ballet. When he discusses TV, however, he sounds more like the prophet Isaiah, with a vision of glory in his eye. "Eventually," he says, talking about his specials, "it will be essential to do 50 a year, 50 a month. Just by the sheer doing of it—and having it come directly out of live theater—we'll be setting up a whole cultural movement."



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